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THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

FROM A PAINTING BY RUDOLPH LEHMANN.

HAREM-LIFE IN THE EAST.

II.



A GOSSIP IN THE HAREM.

A FEW nights after this exposition, the garden within the "sacred enclosure" was again at nightfall disturbed by the sounds of loud revelry. There was laughing and romping that came from the harem gardens; our governess extinguished her wax-lights, threw open her lattice-window, and peeped out. By the aid of her opera-glass, she beheld a motley group of black female slaves. Moving among them were figures closely resembling the soldiers of the guard, when muffled in their cloaks. Then came dancing and singing, the party as merry as if they were an "elfin band."

Love in the East, as elsewhere, laughs even at the most terrible of Oriental locksmiths, and causes our writer of the inside view of the harem to exclaim:

"I have heard much, and read a great deal about the impossibility of men entering the harems of the East, considered so sacred by all Moslems that no true believer has ever been known to visit the 'Abode of Bliss' of a true Mussulman. But now that I have seen the female slaves of the viceregal harem rambling about at night, with the eunuchs, the guardians of those girls, and other muffled figures, I could not help giving credence to the assertion of a celebrated writer on Oriental life, that, erabbed and cross-grained as these guardians may be, still, there are many of them who bow their knee to that sovereign ruler of Egypt, Prince Bribery, and that golden keys do sometimes throw back the rusty hinges of the doors they guard. Else," suggests Miss Lott, with great simplicity, "how came the slaves and their partners to be dancing together on the lawn by the bright moonlight?"

Polygamy, even in Egypt and Turkey, has its imperative rules, the disobeying of which is followed by all the fearful consequences that often wait upon infidelity in Christian countries. The Koran is strictly the law; its injunction respecting a plurality of wives runs thus: "You may, if you like, marry two, three, or even four women."

The master thus blessed may also have as many "favorites" as his circumstances will justify; but, if he should dare to put his eyes upon any of the slaves belonging to any of his wives, the wife, though of the humblest origin, or a princess, can obtain a divorce, and, in addition, the life of the unhappy victim of illicit passion is, with rare exception, sacrificed.

On a recent occasion, a princess, a near relative of his present majesty, the Sultan of Turkey, having suspected, nay discovered that her husband had had an intrigue with one of her slaves, had the unfortunate creature's head cut off by her grand-eunuch, deposited upon a dish, covered with a cloth of gold, and placed upon the dinner-table. As the offending husband sat down, he drank off a cup of sherbet, as was his custom, which his wife had previously poisoned, and, when the dish before him was uncovered, he stared wildly at the gory head, and dropped down dead. Nothing was done in the way of punishment to the princess, and any Turkish woman would have recourse to some bloody revenge upon receiving the same provocation.

Religious excitement and observances occupy much of the time of the inmates of the harem, and some are evidently fanatics. On one occasion Miss Lott was gratified at witnessing the first wife at her orisons. Accompanied, as usual, by the young prince, the governess entered the chamber of the princess, who was engaged at the moment spreading a large Persian rug in the centre of the room. Having accomplished this, without noticing her visitors, she knelt down, turned her face toward Mecca, and repeated her prayers. On her head she wore a white muslin scarf, and in her hands held a string of large gold beads, here and there interspersed with diamonds, which precious stones, in the service performed, count as two, and which beads she dropped off one by one, all the while exclaiming, "There's no Deity but God!" but, being a princess, she never performed the humiliating act of bowing her head to the ground. The Grand Pacha joined in

the ceremonial part of the worship, and was good-humoredly reproved by her highness, who threatened to box his ears, but the little fellow kept his place on the rug, continually bowing his head in the true Moslem style.

This boy, indeed, seemed to possess wonderful powers of imitation, and, with proper training, might make a man eminently worthy of his high station. Of all religious observances he was remarkably fond; for it was one of his favorite pastimes when among children of his own age to imitate the Mussulmans at their prayers in the mosques. He would often go himself and fetch a Persian rug from one of the rooms, which he would place on a carpet close by the older slaves, who were busy cutting out dresses. Personating the Grand Mufti, which he did in perfection, he would kneel down on the rug, and then make all the little slaves kneel down by his side on the coverlets; after which, he would begin muttering some words, which the slaves repeated after him. Then he would bow his forehead on the rug, the slaves following his example. After this, he would stand with his face toward Mecca, put his two little hands together, bow his head down to the ground, continuing to repeat the gesture upward of fifty times, the slaves following him. He then bowed his head, smoothed down his chin, as if he wore a beard, exclaiming, "God, God! Amen, amen!" But, while these pranks were amusing, it was a sad thing to know that, child as he was, there appeared to be no religious sentiment in his nature; for he was already a master in the arts most peculiar to Oriental despotism—viz., cruelty, avarice, and greediness.

He had been accustomed, as soon as he could talk and toddle about, to have his pockets filled with silver coins. That practice had engendered in him the most intense desire for acquisition. He was constantly urging his guardian, the governess, to play banking with him, and one day, after ingeniously cutting a number of round pieces from card-board, he commenced personating the Eastern money-changer. The peculiar manner in which he sat himself down to represent a stolid, calculating "dealer in rupees," as the Turk so emphatically designates a banker, was a fine piece of pantomime.

The governess sat down, facing him, as he removed his "stock-in-trade" to his right-hand side. He then gave her several packets of the card-board pieces he had cut, at the same time telling her that she was to count them as English sovereigns. Miss Lott then stood up before the child, and asked for change.

As soon as she did so, he looked at the counter handed him, poised it in his tiny hand, to see that it was of full weight, turned it over and over again, to examine if it were cut or cracked, said not a word, but finally placed it on a cushion beside him, and commenced counting in English, and then handed a few pieces of small card-board counters to the governess by simply placing them in piles on the cushion before him. Miss Lott took them and counted them, but found that he had not given her the right change, even after having deducted a few cents for the conventional discount. She looked at him full in the face; not a muscle moved; he looked the impersonation of a usurer; his close resemblance at that moment to the portrait of his grandfather, which hangs in the palace at Alexandria, was very striking. There sat the prototype, in childhood's form, of that viceregal usurer, who so thoroughly understood the art of making money to yield its best value—a gift thoroughly inherited by his descendants.

Miss Lott remonstrated, and told him that he had charged too much for the exchange. He held a long argument, and, when he found that she was not satisfied with his explanation, he stroked his chin, as if it were bearded, and laughed most heartily, and chuckled within himself, to see how cleverly he had mulcted her of a few *paras*.

He then rose from the cushions and said, "Madame, you must take my seat, and act as money-changer." She acted accordingly, and, as soon as she had arranged herself, the prince, who had cunningly clipped the corners of several of the counters, handed her one of these mutilated pieces. She examined it, and pointed out to his highness that it had been cut, and was therefore deficient in weight, and refused to change it, except at reduction; but he would not agree to this. Persisting in her demand, he then put himself in a towering passion, threw his body on the floor, and screamed out most hideously, which brought the whole staff of the harem, princesses, ladies of the harem, slaves, and eunuchs, into the apartment, to see what was the matter with the Grand Pacha; for, at the first sound of his voice, the whole establishment was always in alarm.

The head-nurse took him up, and began to perform her superstitious observances, by sprinkling water on the floor, as a slave had at-

tended her with a silver basin, naturally thinking the child had met some accident.

When the matter was explained, the prince's mother laughed most heartily, and exclaimed, "No matter, no matter!" and retired from the apartment, accompanied by the whole retinue.

The "young torment" was finally quieted, and sat down to resume the play, when Miss Lott unexpectedly felt the breath of some person fanning her cheek. Thinking it was the intrusive head-nurse, she was about to raise her hand to box the ears of the author of such familiarity, when she looked up, and saw the viceregal bending over her shoulder. She sprang to her feet, blushed, courtesied, when the viceregal smiled, and playfully said:

"Pray, madame, as I am a poor man" (and the billionaire of the world uttered this remark with the tone of a professed usurer), "allow me to take possession of your stock-in-trade." So the viceregal took the place of the governess, and commenced playing with his darling son. After a while he rose, thanked the governess for the judicious manner she practised to amuse his refractory heir, and then left the apartment.

To diversify the pastimes of the prince, which were often attended with the most cruel exhibitions of the lash upon his juvenile attendants who failed meeting his requirements, he was fond, in his gentler moods, of having music. On such occasions he would have the cushions piled into a throne, upon which he would mount, seating himself with the little princesses, his legitimate sisters, by his side, the young slaves forming a semicircle below. He would then command Rosetta, an attending slave, to sing; her refrain was not unlike Solomon's songs:

"The complexion of my love is like the freshness of the velvet-looking jessamine; her face is as resplendent as the bright, bright moon; her lips are as rosy as the choicest Burgundy; and her lily-white bosom the fairest-looking that an amorous youth ever beheld!

"Oh, beauteous creature, the perfume of whose breath is like the grateful odor of the musk-rose, allow me to sip sweets from thy ruby lips, and pour forth into thy ear the passion that consumes my heart!"

All the slaves joined in the chorus, sang the last verse, then another slave named Damietta approached, and, in a plaintive voice, gave a description of the fashionable style of Oriental dress, and the value of bright eyes:

"My mistress wears a beautiful gold-embroidered dress; her wide trousers are of azure-blue silk; her waistband is a costly cashmere shawl, worth two hundred Egyptian sovereigns—all the richness of her attire is nothing in comparison to the beauty of her face. There is nothing either in heaven or earth half so lovely as her beautiful, sparkling orbs!"

At another time, he would give a banquet, on which occasion he would select a number of *bonbon* cases, and empty their contents into a silk coverlet. He would then replace them in some of the handsomest baskets at hand, and then order the slaves to hand them to the wives, the princesses, and to his little sisters, and also to his "favorite;" for, in spite of his being a child, he was thus early trained in the pernicious custom of his country.

This slave-companion of the young pacha was purchased in Constantinople for the especial purpose of being educated with his highness. The only distinction made between this favorite and the princesses was that she was obliged to eat her meals with an iron spoon. On this occasion, in imitation set him by his viceregal parent, he took it into his head to honor his favorite that day, and therefore ordered the slaves to hand her first every basket. She was distinguished ordinarily from the other slaves by wearing a fez, not on account of the position she would probably be called upon to take, but simply from the fact that the cleanliness of her hair had been so neglected that she had not only lost the greater portion of it, but that the vermin had eaten sores into her skull!

A visit to the widow of the late viceregal, Saïd Pacha, in the vicinity of Cairo, took our governess to a palace built by Mehemet Ali, in the gardens of which we find the walks paved with singular mosaics, while the myrtle and jessamine hedges struggled with a great variety of scented roses, the perfume of which was overpowering. Here grew the banana beside the orange; the golden narcissus hid its tender head from the scorching sun, the Mexican tuberose germinated—the odoriferous lemon-tree and the lofty acacia contrasted with numerous marble

fountains. In a place so favored by Nature was a small building, in which a celebrated French artist painted the portrait of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the glory of modern Egypt. It was here that the Pacha triumphantly pointed to his full-length picture, and, while imbibing wine with his guests, ridiculed the prohibitions of the Prophet, who forbade his followers to sit for their portraits, or to hang up pictures of figures in their dwellings.

The widow of Said Pacha, whom the governess describes as the handsomest woman she saw in any of the harems, sat reclining on a divan, smoking a cigarette. She was of middle stature; her full brown eyes, though she was advanced in years, were lustrous and still full of expression; her features were of the Circassian type. She wore no corset; her dress was composed of a very long, maroon-colored silk, which trailed upon the ground very full; bright, crimson silk trousers, over which costume she wore a chocolate-colored velvet jacket. Her head was covered with a dark silk handkerchief, a plume of ostrich-feathers hung down over the right ear and a beautiful artificial damask rose, highly perfumed, drooped down, as it were, on the left. A black spot was painted in the centre of her forehead. In her small ears hung magnificent diamond drops, and her alabaster-looking neck was encircled in a necklace of brilliants. Her small hands were as white as snow; her finger-nails were tinged with henna; several very large diamond rings of the purest water sparkled on the little fingers of each hand.

After the little prince had been affectionately kissed, he was seated on the right hand of the handsome widow, and the teacher on the left. Then followed the ghost of a lunch, served up in china and gold, with "footless cups inlaid with diamonds and precious stones," resting on exquisitely-wrought silver trays, over which were carelessly thrown embroidered rose-pink silk napkins, which the attendants removed, as the contents of the trays were offered to the guests.

On some state occasion, described at length by Miss Lott, the honor was accorded to "the lady paramount," or first wife, of handing the viceroy, in the audience-hall, a sword. The lady, while waiting, weap-

on in hand, was surprised to see the "reigning favorite" come out of a side-room, and, as she passed along, she touched the arm of the princess. Their highnesses have a horror of being touched by the slaves, and possibly this feeling was made more intense by jealousy, for she instantly became crimson with passion, stamping her feet, and exclaiming: "By the most merciful God!"—she then drew the sword she held in her hand, with the evident intention of striking the slave down to the earth. Fortunately the viceroy, whether designedly or not, had moved toward her, armed with his own trusty steel—at the sight of which, the half-drawn blade in the possession of the princess

mechanically fell back into its glittering scabbard; while the favorite treated the incident with a smile, and did not seem the least discomposed at the display of the Arab metal of the princess. This daring girl, from her superior gait, Miss Lott believed was of European origin; there was a bold, defiant, don't-care manner about her, that was unnatural to one of Asiatic origin.

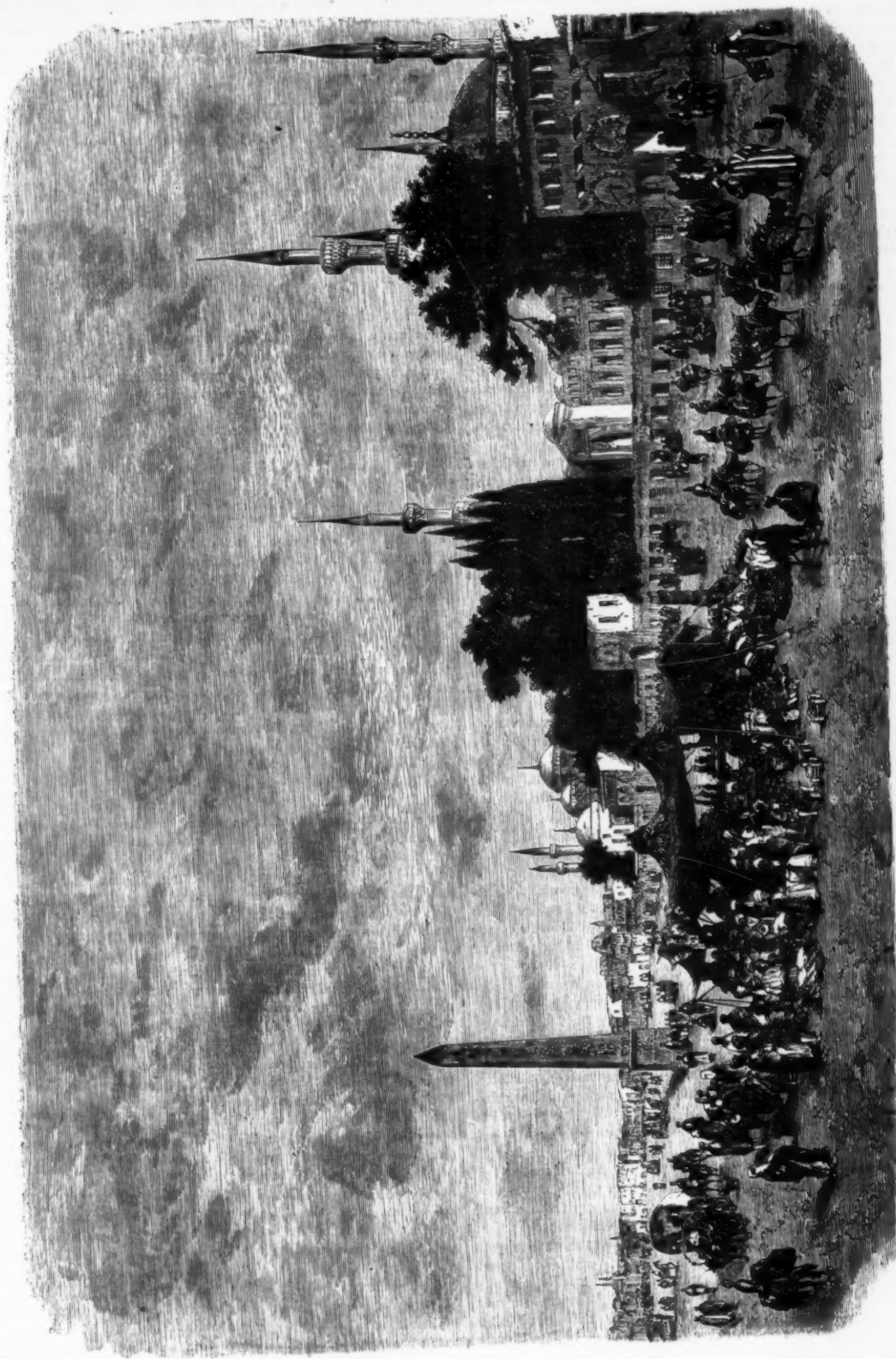
The fate of this favorite is possibly solved in the dark hints thrown out by an adventure of our governess, which happened to her while, in the viceregal train, she was on a visit to Constantinople.

Temporarily an occupant of a suburban palace in the vicinity of that wonderful city, which residence had been selected for her use as an invalid, she made herself busy with explorations, and, as usual, gives very elaborate descriptions of the halls and audience-

chambers which especially attracted her attention. Following on her narrative, she represents herself on one occasion as suddenly descending a marble staircase, which reached a large hall. On the right she entered a singular apartment, the atmosphere of which struck her as icy cold, and she asked her obliging attendant the reason. Her reply was a warning, that some of the marble slabs in the centre of the room were removable at pleasure. She subsequently saw the springs pressed, and the bolts thrown back, and one of the largest slabs sank as if into the gurgling waters below. But this was really not the case, for a person standing on the slab descended into an immense room of marble like a swimming-bath, filled with the water of the Bosphorus, which water was admitted through iron-grated windows—which windows in turn



TURKISH WOMAN OF ARMENIA.



HIPPODROME SQUARE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

could be opened, and whatever living thing was in the bath would thus float into the open water.

Standing upon one of the numerous landing-places of the Sultan's palaces, on the edge of the Bosphorus, Miss Lott constantly saw floating by, at midday, baskets, many of which contained the heads and trunks of human bodies. Punishment against women for their misdeeds is privately enforced. The bodies are invariably placed in sacks or baskets, and thrown into the lovely sapphire-looking flood, to feed the fish, which swarm here in shoals, and against the catching of which there is an imperial edict. Thus it is that the basket and the sack contain the victims of Oriental jealousy, which the handiwork of the eunuchs has sent to their last account!—for these spectres of men are adepts in strangulation. It is no uncommon thing in the harems to hear them relate to each other, if not their own exploits in murder, at least of those of their predecessors in office, "and I have seen," says Miss Lott, "the elder eunuch give his fellow-phantoms illustrations of the manner by which those deeds of wickedness were accomplished."

Throughout her life in the harem, and surrounded as she was with luxuries of furniture that probably have no parallel, she was compelled to occupy a small, uncomfortable room, unprovided with either chairs or tables, using her trunks for substitutes, and actually producing a spinal complaint by the uncomfortable position she was constantly obliged to assume in making these travelling-boxes available for domestic uses.

In addition to this discomfort, she could not obtain a particle of food that was not nauseous to her taste, and the consequence was, that her strength failed her. She was often sent into the gardens with the prince, when the thermometer was at one hundred degrees; and when she came back, heated and exhausted, she was obliged to breathe an atmosphere impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, into which large quantities of opium and other deleterious narcotics were infused. This affected her spirits; a languid apathy seized her, which finally was overwhelming. She became lethargic, lost all energy of body or mind—even loud conversation became irksome—drawing, reading, thought, indeed the slightest bodily or mental exertion was disagreeable—unconsciously to herself, the climate had accomplished its work, and the once-energetic Englishwoman was as helpless as any idler in the "Abode of Bliss."

In the midst of her troubles, two German laundresses made their appearance in the harem, whose duties consisted in keeping the linen of the viceroy and the young prince in order. Their work at most did not keep them busy more than two or three days in the week; the rest of the time they spent in idleness, putting on all the airs and demanding all the privileges peculiar to modern servants, and their inordinate claims were respected even in the palaces of the East. Their jealousy and contempt for Miss Lott were perfectly apparent, and the poor governess's heart entirely failed her, when, upon being asked by these same "clear starchers" to translate their contracts with the viceroy, she learned, to her astonishment and disgust, that nearly double the amount was expended for looking after the soiled linen of the household that she was paid for training the mind and manners of the Grand Pacha!

With difficulty Miss Lott escaped from the imprisonment of the harems. Once again in the open world, she sums up her experience against them. As she became acquainted with the Turkish language, she discovered that the conversation of the *odalisques* was, as a rule, most indelicate, and, when bearable, was mostly directed to external matters. Their conversation, which soon became absolutely tiresome, invariably touched upon things which in Europe are regarded as criminal, abominably indecent, filthy, and disgusting; and, having lived in three of the most magnificent of these gilded cages, she would not under any circumstances enter the fourth. Monstrous as may be the system of polygamy in Egypt, it is still worse in Turkey. There no fair sultana reigns paramount for a longer period than a year, for the sovereign of Islam has no consort. His mistresses are purchased slaves; he is himself the son of a slave. To sustain such a prince and such a system, Christian England and France combine, lest the cross may be planted over the crescent by the onward march of the Muscovite. The justice of Heaven will not always be delayed. Victoria was contaminated by the touch of Abdul-Aziz, and Eugénie shows a want of womanly delicacy in accepting the hospitality of the corrupt ruler of the harems. For the Sultan's crimes against humanity, the Moslem must sooner or later break up his encampment on European soil, and

the vigorous Russian, in God's hands, will eventually be the avenger to punish the Christian countries of Cranmer and Fénelon for their support of Turkey, and the consequent abominations that flow from a government the foundations of which are licentiousness and the studied degradation of the race.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—NELLY RICH.

It was not very long after this when Frank Renton was accosted by one of his friends in the regiment with what seemed to him a very odd sort of request. "Look here, Frank," said young Edgbaston, who was a son—it is unnecessary to add—of Lord Brummagem's, and a very popular, good-natured young fellow, "I've promised to produce you at the Riches', where I am going to lunch. Don't struggle, my boy. They are going to have your brother Laurie, and you must come."

"My brother Laurie!" cried Frank, in amazement. "And who are the Riches? and what do they want me for? I never heard of the people, that I know of. I suppose it is one of your jokes?"

"It's very witty, to be sure," said Edgbaston, "but it is not one of my jokes. Papa Rich is something in the city. He was a cheese-monger once upon a time, I believe; but that's all left behind long ago. Alf Rich, of the Buffs, is one of his sons. You know Alf. He gives capital dinners and eke luncheons. And they're all intensely jolly, from the pater down to little Nelly. Come along. I promised to bring you. And you'll meet your brother, if that's any inducement. Old Rich told me he was to be there."

"Laurie to be there! I don't understand it," said Frank.

"Old Rich buys pictures to no end," said Edgbaston; "perhaps that's why your brother's going; or perhaps he's after little Nelly. And not a bad speculation either, I can tell you. She's a nice little girl; and heaps, cartloads, mountains of tin. If Laurie don't go in for that style of thing, I'd recommend it to your own consideration, Frank."

"If it's so desirable, why do you let it go among your friends in this liberal way?" said Frank. "It's not in Laurie's line, I fear," he added, with a sigh. To tell the truth, the condition and prospects of his elder brothers lay much on Frank's mind. He felt easy about himself, but he disapproved of the others—especially Laurie, whom everybody had disapproved of from his cradle—and felt that he was in a bad way.

"Then come along, and try your luck, my boy," said his friend. And the consequence was, that by noon Frank and half a dozen more were flying over the green, balmy, awakening country on Edgbaston's drag. They were all in high spirits, with that delightful sense of fulfilling every duty that can be looked for from a guardsman, which is the soul of pleasure. And Frank Renton, puritanical as he had been in respect to his brother Laurie and Alice Severn, was soon chatting about "little Nelly," whom he had never seen, as familiarly as any of them. So that it is evident stern principle alone was not involved in his displeasure with his brother. The young men were not at all contemptuous of the good things to be had at Richmond; but the family who were to receive them there did not count for much. Old Rich spent his money freely to give them pleasure, and got laughed at for his pains; Mamma Rich, or Rich *mère*, as they called her, was not much more respectfully treated; and, as for Nelly Rich, her name was bandied about from mouth to mouth, with the most unscrupulous ease. "If I were you, So-and-So, I'd certainly go in for little Nell," one and another of those lively youths would say from time to time. She had "heaps of tin"—that was her grand characteristic—and was evidently ready to drop into anybody's arms who should do her the honor to hold them out to her. But the talk was a matter of course, not meaning half that it seemed to mean. And half at least of her critics were dumb before Nelly, and had an unfeigned dread of her keen little bright eyes and sharp speeches. Richmond itself was a big house in a big park, conveying to the ordinary spectator no sense of present incongruity with its past. The old part of the

mansion was in the east wing, and not visible from the front, and all that could be seen by the party in the drag was the vast white modern façade, very fresh and clean as yet, with great plate-glass windows and an open, hospitable door, opening into a hall with scagliola pillars. At this door old Rich stood, waving his hand in sign of welcome. The flower-beds on the lawn were already full of every bright thing which could be had at the season, and the whole place was alit and alive with wealth and warmth and movement. "To think that a fine old place like this should drop into the greasy hands of an old cheesemonger!" said one of the men, as they drove through the leafy avenue. But they were all quite willing to be the cheesemonger's guests, and to drink his wine, and enjoy the good things his greasy gold had provided.

"Glad to see you all," shouted Mr. Rich; "delighted we've got such a fine day; almost good enough for croquet, it appears to me. Good-morning, my lord. Oh, any friend of yours! Ah-ha, Mr. Frank Renton"—stretching forth his hand with a cordiality which took Frank by surprise—"now I call this kind. Had every thing been as it ought to be, of course, we'd have met before now—country neighbors, you know. Your brother has just come by the last train with a friend of his, a wonderful clever fellow from town. He's too much of a swell himself ever to paint much—eh?—but he's hand-and-glove with all of them. Come along up-stairs, and I'll take you to him. Lord Edgbaston, you know your way to the drawing-room. Mrs. Rich will be delighted to see you; and I trust to you not to let my Nelly leave the room till I send for her. I mean to give the child a little surprise," added the millionaire, rubbing his fat hands. "Come along, Mr. Renton." Frank followed in a state of partial stupefaction. What reason there could be for this old fellow's cordiality; why he should leave a live lord to find his own way up-stairs, and conduct him, Frank Renton, instead; why Laurie should be here; what he had to do with the surprise Mr. Rich was going to give his child—all these were mysteries to Frank. He seemed to have gone into an enchanted house. Had Mr. Rich taken him aside, and offered him his daughter's hand and fortune on the spot, his surprise would scarcely have been increased. Was this what it meant? Or, if it was not this, what did it mean?

The Rentons and the Beauchamps had been friends in the old days, and Frank knew the house through which he was being guided probably better than the owner of it did, who walked before him, looking not half so imposing as his own butler. Frank, who had a good deal of prudence for so young a man, thought it would be better, on the whole, to say nothing about this; but, when his host preceded him through passage after passage, and up one short flight of stairs after another, surprise got the better of him.

"We must be going to the music-room, I suppose," he said; "this is the way," for the new master paused uncertain between two turns.

"That's about it," said Mr. Rich; "droll, though, to see a stranger know one's house better than one does one's self. I suppose you were a deal here in the time of the old people? Very nice people, according to all I hear. But, you know, I didn't turn them out. Bought the place at a fair price, as anybody else might have done. It was their doing, not mine. Ah! it's a sad thing to outrun the constable, Mr. Frank. It should be a lesson to you as a young man."

"I am just going off to India," said Frank, determined, at least, to let his new acquaintance know that little was to be made of him in the way of society, "and I shall not have much chance."

"To India, eh?" said Mr. Rich, with an unchanged tone—clearly, after all, he did not mean to offer the young guardsman on the spot his daughter and her fortune. "India's a fine thing at your age. My eldest boy went off a dozen years ago, when we were not quite so well off as we are now; and he's coming home this summer, please God. If you had been at home, we might have had no end of jolly meetings; but your mother goes out nowhere, I hear."

"Not now," said Frank; "my mother is a great invalid." And there was something in his tone which betrayed a certain offence—what right had this man to speak of his mother?—and which conveyed itself at once to the other's lively ear.

"Ah, well! she has a right to please herself," said Mr. Rich. "Here we are at last.—Hallo, gentlemen! I hope it fits. I wouldn't have it too large or too small for a hundred pounds."

"Never fear; it will fit beautifully—I knew it would," cried Lau-

rie's voice from behind a great picture, which was being hoisted into its place. After having been rather splendid and haughty about his mother to this commonplace individual, who had no right to hope for her acquaintance, it must be admitted that it gave Frank a pang to find his brother as busy as a workman, and quite at his ease in his occupation, putting up Mr. Rich's pictures. Here was something worse even than Laurie's slovenly ways and contented relapse into lower life. When a man has a brother in the Guards, he owes it, if not to himself, at least to his relations, to remember that he is a gentleman. And to play the fool in such a house as this was worse than any thing, with all those fellows below to tell each other how sadly Frank Renton's brother, "the artist fellow," had fallen back in the world.

"I did not know my brother was in the habit of carrying home his work," he said, with a certain savage irony. But Laurie did not hear this speech, and Mr. Rich, who did hear it, took no notice. There was nothing for it but to stand and stare at the daub as it was raised to its place. In the middle of the floor, in front of it, stood a bearded stranger, whom Frank did not know, nor care to know. He was watching the progress of the picture with anxious interest. Was it Laurie's picture? But Laurie, condescending to make a carpenter of himself for the moment, was a sight which shocked his brother much. He strode away to the end window, and gazed out, to show his indifference, with a soft whistle of impatience, which would have made itself into words any thing but soft, had circumstances permitted. But nobody remarked either his impatience or his anger. The room was long, and not very broad, and the panel in which the picture was being placed was immediately opposite the gilded pipes of a chamber-organ, which was let into the wall. To be sure, if it had been a picture of chorister-boys, instead of little barbarians, it would have been more harmonious with the place; but Suffolk's Angles shone out of the dark wall like positive sunshine. There were three broad mullioned windows in one end of the room, and at the other a great east window full of heraldic designs in painted glass—the arms of the Beauchamps and their connections. Under this blaze of color, on either side, the panels were carved, running into little pinnacles and canopy-work of a semi-eccelesiastical kind. It had been, indeed, a chapel in the elder ages, when the Beauchamps were Catholic. A few high-backed, heavy, oak chairs were all the furniture in it now, except quite at the west end of the room, near where the picture was being placed, where a grand piano stood under one window, and a small easel in the other. This picturesque place, in which priests in glittering vestments, and knights in steel, and ladies in flowing robes, would have been the natural actors, was now the music-room in Richmond, occupied chiefly by the ex-cheesemonger's daughter—an out-of-the-way place in which she could pursue her occupations as she pleased. Reflections, not exactly to this effect, but of a somewhat similar meaning, were in Frank's mind as he turned with disgust from his unconscious brother. The poor Beauchamps!—who had the best blood in England in their veins, and were now vegetating at all sorts of wretched Continental baths and watering-places. To be sure, old Beauchamp was a blackleg, and his wife no better than she should be—and the music-room, when Frank knew it, had been a lumber-room and play-room, dear to the children, though nobody thought any thing about its picturesqueness. Still, those were the Beauchamps, and these the Riches—and what a falling off was there! Frank was full of these thoughts, and in a very discontented frame of mind generally, not condescending to look at the picture which all the rest were absorbed with, when Laurie emerged from behind the frame, and, to his amazement, saw that it was his brother who interrupted the light in the middle window. It was a kind of bay-window, projecting just a little out beyond the line of the others, and in it there stood a low chair, covered with old brocade, and a small table with a vase of fresh spring-flowers. Frank had not noticed these little accessories; but Laurie, having the eye of an artist, took them in at a glance. Somehow Frank's attitude, standing between the low chair and the little table, suggested ideas to Laurie's mind of a different kind from those which moved his brother. This was the favorite haunt of the millionaire's daughter. The chair was hers, and the flowers, and the book which lay on the ledge of the window; and Royalborough was close at hand, not too far for a young soldier to ride over any day. Could Frank be Nelly Rich's property, too?

"Frank!" cried Laurie; "you here! Who could have dreamed of seeing you?"

"I have more reason to say so," said Frank. "We are quartered close by; but what you can be doing carpentering in a house like this! Perhaps that's the branch of art you have taken to at last," the guardsman continued, with a sneer. As for Laurie, he had been good-natured from his cradle, and laughed at this little ebullition.

"Not quite," he said. "Come and look at the picture. Of course, I know you don't know any thing about it; but, so long as you have eyes, you may look, at least. What games we used to have up here! Is the goddess worthy of the shrine now?" he added, glancing up with a little curiosity into the young soldier's face.

"I don't know what you mean by shrines and goddesses," said Frank, still angry; "but I do think, for the sake of your friends, if not for your own, you ought to mind what you're about, Laurie, and not be so very complaisant in the house of a cad like this."

"Hush!" said Laurie; "don't call names, my big brother. What have I been doing, I wonder, to come under your great displeasure? Dust on my coat—is it?" and Laurie suddenly bethought himself of the cobwebs which he had hoped the padrona might have brushed off for him, and stopped short, the foolish fellow, and smiled, and sighed.

"Dust!" cried Frank, indignant. "I wonder you did not take it off to do your work the better. It would have been the right thing to do."

"And so it would," said Laurie; "I will recollect another time. But come along, old fellow, and look at the picture, and don't make yourself so disagreeable. Old Rich has sent for his daughter, and we can't go on squaring before a lady. Stand here, and look at it well."

"Is it yours?" said the reluctant Frank. And Laurie laughed and shook his head.

"He asks if it is mine," he said; "there's a guardsman's idea of the possibilities, Suffolk! You might as well have asked if that madonna was mine."

"Well, and what if I had?" said Frank, stoutly, in his ignorance—and went and stared with a determination to see nothing. The three figures were standing thus grouped—Frank looking at the picture, and Suffolk, who had taken no part in the conversation, looking with mild surprise at the natural curiosity called a guardsman, of which he

knew little more than the other did about the Angles—when Mr Rich came back triumphant with his daughter. They made a curious centre to the room, from which, by this time, the workmen who had been placing the picture had disappeared, leaving them alone. Frank, the very impersonation of skepticism and critical ignorance, stood with his face turned upward to the Angles, and defiance and disdain in the very attitude of his feet, resentfully planted on the polished oaken floor. Suffolk, turning round and round in his fingers the rule which one of the workmen had left behind him, stood half a

step behind, looking at Frank, with the faintest of smiles on his face, and that curious faculty of seeing, which never deserts a true painter, somehow making itself visible in his eyes. He was not studying the figure which thus defiantly posed before him, and yet there was an amusing consciousness of the pose, and of all expressed by it, in his look. Frank was so unaware of this, and Laurie, as he recognized it, became so divided between sympathy with his brother and amusement with his friend, that the three faces made a very curious group; and so Nelly Rich thought as she came into the room, not knowing why it was that her father had brought her here. She was followed by the entire party, Mrs. Rich leading the way, and leaning her substantial weight on Edgbaston's arm. She had but a minute to notice the group, but it made an impression on her; and curiously enough—or, perhaps not curiously—Nelly's sympathies fixed upon Frank in the moment she had to identify him. The others were laughing at him, and he was



"She led him, in spite of himself, opposite to the poor picture which had been so scorned."

young and single-handed, and—so handsome. Nelly Rich piqued herself upon being intellectual and fond of art; and yet it was neither the painter nor the amateur that caught her eyes; it was the ignorant, unintellectual, handsome young guardsman, which no doubt was quite natural in a way.

She gave a cry of wonder and delight when she saw the picture; but the kind father, to whom that cry was music, had made a mistake by bringing the party with him. After the first outburst, Nelly retreated, and was silent. She was not the kind of Nelly Rich whom either Frank or Laurie Renton had expected to see. Any thing more unlike the portly, comely mother who came in after her, sweeping her gorgeous skirts all over the brown oak floor, could not be conceived.

Nelly was very small; she had the figure and the foot of a fairy; and how her dark, clear, olive complexion—her hair so dark as to be almost black—her brilliant, dark-brown eyes—could have been derived from the two ruddy, roundabout people beside her, was a puzzle to everybody. She might have been a fairy changeling, but that her small figure was perfect in form, and instinct with life, health, and activity. She was as plainly dressed as her mother was gorgeous, with a black gown and knots of crimson ribbons, like a Spaniard, which, indeed, was the most becoming dress she could have chosen. And she was not a timid maiden generally, taking shelter from the crowd; but a creature quite able to express herself and defend herself. Nevertheless she stepped aside as her mother entered on Edgbaston's arm, and said not a word more about the picture. The party invaded the music-room, filling it with noise and movement. The scene was changed. It was no longer a retired, half-solemn place, full of associations of the past, and one soft, pleasant suggestion of the present conveyed by the fresh flowers, the instruments, the little easel, and the book, which harmonized every thing; but a show-place, with vulgar sight-seers and a vulgar showman—vulgar, though the visitors came of blood to which no objection could be taken. They looked at the painted window, and at the carved oak, and at the pictures, alike with suppressed yawns, and referred stealthily to their watches, wondering when luncheon would be announced. Suffolk, who was the only stranger whom no one knew, stood aside, and looked on with a certain indignation. His picture, newly placed, newly arrived—a picture which Academicians had condescended to praise, and the *Severn* had noticed favorably—should have been, no one could doubt, the chief thing to be noticed; but what the new-comers did was to cast a careless glance at it, and say, "Ah! oh! pretty thing, to be sure," and turn their backs with that unspeakable calm of indifference which galls the artist mind beyond endurance. "Like old Woodland's style, ain't it?" said Edgbaston, with his glass in his eye. And if there was one man or painter whom Suffolk regarded with especial contempt it was old Woodland. The painter turned to the window, stung and smarting all over, and tried to look out; and then one of the young men found a sketch upon Nelly's little easel, and went into ecstasies over it. They all crowded, a mass of tall heads, to look at it with an interest which no one had dreamed of showing in the Angles. "Parcel of empty-headed coxcombs!" Suffolk said to himself, and then certain reflections overtook him as to the kind of people who were likely to see his work where it was now placed. Was not the guardsman the very highest possible class of visitor who could come to Richmond; and was this all for which he had spent his brains and his strength? He had turned, and was looking with the most curious wonder and contempt upon the group round Nelly's easel. Could he help being contemptuous? The sketch was an unobtrusive little performance, pretending nothing, and not meaning much. And it was for such eyes as these that he had painted his picture! He was thinking so with a certain bitterness when Nelly herself, with a little rush, penetrated the group, and, seizing upon the harmless drawing they were gazing at, thrust it before their eyes into a portfolio.

"It is not worth a glance," she cried; "it's a bit of waste-paper. Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't stare, and make me ashamed of myself before Mr. Suffolk! It was the picture you came to see."

"I came because you were coming," said one of the young men.

"Oh, never mind the picture. Come and show us what you have here," said another, laying his hand on the portfolio. This was how they talked, with Suffolk looking on. As for Nelly, her cheeks grew crimson. She was not, as we have said, a timid maiden; and she was given to speaking her mind, as even these gentlemen knew.

"Yes," she said, with her eyes sparkling; "to be sure, you know best. You shall have the portfolio to look at—art brought down to the meanest capacity. I might have known that would be the most suitable for you; and, Mr. Suffolk, come and tell me about it," she said, softly, turning to the painter. She held out her hand, that he might offer her his arm, and led him, in spite of himself, opposite to the poor picture which had been so scorned. "I want to clear them all away, those stupid men," said Nelly, confidentially. "I hate young men; they are all so idiotic. Mr. Suffolk, when I look at this I could cry, out of envy and spite. How is it you can do it?—and I work and work and can't do any thing. I would give my head if I could paint only that little bit of a tree; and I suppose you never gave it a thought?" she said, turning the brilliant brown eyes upon him. "Tell me

about it, please; for it will be my chief friend, and live with me all day long."

"What am I to tell you, Miss Rich?" said the painter, taken by surprise, and yet standing on his dignity still.

And then Nelly gazed at the Angles for at least a minute in silence, holding his arm. "It does not matter," she said, at last, with a long-drawn breath of satisfaction—"I shall learn it all from their faces. You must know, I live in this room, and they will never ask me what they are to tell me. I shall find out all their story in little bits. That one is quite happy to have so much change and variety, and to feel himself in Rome—you painted him when you were happy, Mr. Suffolk; and that one is thinking of home—something had happened to you then. I shall find it all out by degrees. Those men don't find themselves so happy as they thought they would be over the portfolio," she broke off suddenly, with a little laugh; "but please to remember I have got eyes, and there are other people besides guardsmen who come here sometimes.—Mamma, I hear the bell for luncheon; please take all those men away."

"You must not be shocked with Nelly, Mr. Suffolk," said Mrs. Rich. "I have told her all about your charming little wife, so she knows she need not be afraid to speak to you; and that's her way, making up all that nonsense about the pictures she likes. I think it looks perfectly charming, now that it is in its place. Nelly, this is Mr. Renton, whom I told you of. He is such a friend of Mrs. Severn's; and this is Mr. Frank Renton: neighbors of ours, you know when they are at home, and cousins to that nice Miss Westbury you made acquaintance with the other day—such a nice lady-like girl. But I hear the bell. I am sure you must all be quite hungry after your long drive."

"Yes, come along," said Mr. Rich; "come along, and let us have something to eat. Nothing like art for giving one an appetite. I am as hungry as a hunter. All with getting up Suffolk's lovely picture. Gem of my collection, I call it, though I have half a dozen Crowquills down-stairs, which I'll show you after lunch. Come along, gentlemen. As for Nelly, you know, and the painter, they'll follow. Ladies and men of genius don't want to eat like us common mortals. Come along, come along," said the millionaire, his voice dying off in the passage. The two Rentons, who had just been presented to Nelly, stood by her, waiting till she led the way; and Nelly, for her part, had no inclination to lead the way. She had got rid of "those stupid men," and she was rather in the humor for a little talk.

"Now they're gone, one can breathe," she said, with complimentary confidentiality. "We need not go down just yet. Please, Mr. Renton, tell me about the Severns. You are grand people, and I don't suppose Miss Westbury would like it if I quoted her as an acquaintance; but I may ask about the Severns. Do you know them too?"

"I have only seen them once," said Frank; "but I don't think you do Mary Westbury justice. I am sure she would be charmed—"

"Tell me about the Severns, please," said Nelly, with a little wave of her hand.

Then there was a pause, which nobody could have explained. Laurie, it is true, knew very well why it was that he, excited and confused as he was, should feel himself unable to speak of the padrona; but why Frank could not answer so simple a question—while Frank, on his side, saw suddenly before him, as in a vision, that picture of Alice standing in the doorway, with all the shadows round her, and felt his lips sealed, and could not speak.

"If these gentlemen will not tell me any thing," said Nelly, "Mr. Suffolk, speak—I'm sure you know them too."

"I have only seen them once," repeated Frank, hastily. "Miss Severn plays like—St. Cecilia. I have not heard any thing like her playing for a hundred years."

"Well," said Nelly, shrugging her shoulders, "here is one fact elicited by dint of inquiry. Miss Severn—that is, I suppose, Alice, who was a little darling when I saw her last—plays. I don't care so much for playing as I ought to do. And I wanted to hear of the padrona and all the little ones. Couldn't you tell me any thing more, Mr. Renton? Yes; I call her the padrona too. Mr. Severn used to give me a lesson sometimes—not for money, but for love. It may seem strange to you," said Nelly, demurely, "but he was fond of me. And I am fond of her, and all of them. And Alice plays! I suppose that is all one could ever get out of a man. If any one asks you about me, Mr. Frank Renton, I know exactly what you will say: 'Miss Rich—draws.' It is nice to be so concise; but oh, tell me about my pretty

padrona, please!" cried Nelly, clasping her hands together, and turning appealing eyes to Laurie. It was almost more than Laurie's composure could bear, for it was just at the moment after he had made his discovery, and was waiting to know what was to be done with him; and his heart was, so to speak, in his mouth.

"She is as pretty as ever," said Laurie, in that strange tone of suppressed emotion, which makes itself almost more distinctly apparent than the plainest confession of feeling; "and I don't think I could tell you how good she is. Suffolk knows her. We cannot trust ourselves to speak of the padrona," said Laurie, nervously—"we people who live about the Square."

And then Suffolk said something to the same purport in words, but in so different a tone as to throw the thrill in Laurie's voice into fuller relief. And Nelly looked at him full in the face, not disguising the little gleams of discernment, half surprise, half mischief, in her eyes. This was the only sign about her of inferior breeding. She had not sufficient delicacy to conceal the enlightenment his tone had given her. She looked at him so, that he felt he was discovered, and his face flamed with the sudden consciousness; and then she turned to Frank, who was the particular mouse with which, at the moment, Nelly felt disposed to play.

"This room must have been made on purpose for Miss Severn, who plays," she said. "I should think anybody who was musical would be in paradise here. There is the organ and the piano, and in that closet there are harps, and sackbuts, and dulcimers, and all kinds of music. I shall ask Alice Severn to come to see me, and Mr. Frank Renton shall come, too, and hear her play."

"I ask no better," said Frank, responding to the challenge as became a guardman. And Nelly took them down-stairs, leaving the two graver, preoccupied men, to follow, and making Frank her partner, by some subtle sleight of hand. He was very much at home at Richmond, before the day was over. Even Laurie remarked the rising flirtation, and laughed to himself in the midst of his own excitement, at the possibility of his brother's fortune coming in so easy a way. And his friends congratulated him on his success, and pledged him in bumpers when they got home. "I tell you, my boy, she has cartloads of tin," said Edgbaston. "Better than going out to India." And as for Frank, he did not deny to himself that, on the whole, notwithstanding Laurie's undignified aspect, and Mr. Rich's soap-boiling—or cheese-mongering—which was it?—he had spent a very pleasant day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA THORNE.

THE Grand Mogul was coming! There was no mistake about it this time; he was positively to arrive, without fail, on the morrow, and the whole household was agog with expectation. What wonder? For the Grand Mogul was a young man; rich, handsome, talented, travelled, and unmarried! And, as a ward of the master of the house, it was his bounden duty to place himself and his possessions at the disposal of the daughter. This had been taken as a matter of course by Madame la Mère, who had duly impressed it upon Monsieur le Père that he was to bring the prize straight home with him upon arrival, before it was possible that any other of his father's old friends could lay hands upon him. The unloading of two foreign steamers had been watched in vain; the treasure was not on board; but to-day he was reported positively among the arrivals in the *Pereire*. One night in the city he would probably claim; but the morrow would see him, without fail, safely consigned to *Roseneath*. Once domiciled there for the summer, he would be a clever man if he left it alone!

Hence the flutter and fuss. Even Miss Marples shared the general excitement, which might not seem singular, seeing that she was the party most immediately interested, only that she was generally too lazy to allow herself to be excited about any thing. A magnificent-looking girl, tall and large and fair, with a complexion like a day-lily, mass upon mass of blonde-gold hair; eyes of the purple color of grapes, and lips as luscious as their wine—she was as superb a specimen of flesh and blood as a man's eyes could desire. If only the Grand Mogul did not stipulate for *fétes* either of body or mind, the sumptuous Sylvia could scarcely fail of pleasing him.

Especially as she had made up her mind to marry him; for, sluggish as was the current which tinted so daintily this statuesque

mass, everybody in the house—even I!—had to give way before the vast inertia of that passive but powerful will.

I say *even I*; for I was generally accredited with a tolerably strong will of my own. I had manifested this very early in life, in persisting in being born, an unwelcome surprise to my parents, and despite considerable annoyance on their part, they being already entirely satisfied with Nature's bounties to them in the way of offspring. And, when I persisted not only in being born, but in being born a *girl*, the fourth daughter of sonless parents, the innate perversity of my will was established beyond a doubt.

Well, it was hard to bear, I suppose, and doubtless my mother bore it as well as another woman. Fortunately for her, it was not for long; she was early called to rest from her labors. My father, finding life impossible without her, followed as soon as might be, and we four girls were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The homeless home of a boarding-school picked me up, and there I passed eight indescribable years. Then I went out as a governess, which, we all know, is the life best calculated to fill one with "sweetness and light."

But to come to my story.

The children had been excused from lessons that day by Mrs. Marples's desire, that I might assist the seamstress in altering the trimming of a dress which had just been sent up from the city, but failed to please Miss Sylvia's exacting taste. It must be done to-day; for, after the grand arrival of to-morrow, she would have no leisure for "tryings-on," and so it was that I was obliged to be an unwilling sharer of all the bustle and fuss.

It interested me for a while to watch Miss Marples, whom I never remembered to have seen in the least excited before. She generally reminded me of a great, languid lotus-lily in her large, indolent grace; but to-day there was actually a flush on her creamy cheek, and a sparkle in her hyacinth eyes. I watched her beauty with a reluctant, half-scornful fascination, and could not make myself do other than arrange the rich folds of satin, the foamy falls of lace, in the manner most becoming to the voluptuous elegance of her form; while, at the same time, I felt an almost irresistible temptation to pinch those rounded arms, or stick pins into the graceful shoulders, while I stood up before her and tried one and another effect of drapery, and listened to the endless and senseless chatter about the long expected arrival.

It all grew very tiresome at last, and I was never so glad as when the trumpery finery was finished, and the two ladies went off to make a round of calls preparatory to a gorgeous *fête* in honor of the Grand Mogul. I went up myself to put on my hat and shawl, for Mrs. Marples had asked me to drive to the depot and fetch home her lord and master. This was a job I was often detailed to do when the coachman's services were needed elsewhere. I did not object to going in general, and to-day there was a prospect of relief to my over-tasked nerves in the rapid drive in the high, open wagon, with a horse whose pace suited my own impatient mood.

It was but a mile to the station, and I was there almost immediately. The train was just coming in, and I sat in the buggy, watching the great, fiery-eyed monster as it rushed, clattering and snorting, from behind a wooded cliff, and felt an insane envy of the engineer who stood boldly on the back of the huge, fierce creature, and guided it whithersoever he chose, by day and night, through valleys and over mountains, and by the shore of the sounding sea; and knew naught of the corroding weariness of a quiet life.

"Pooh!" came the answering thought; "as if it were not the very aggravation of monotony, this endless rushing hither and thither, over the same route, day after day, in one straight, unvarying, steel-bound course." And, with a disgusted feeling that all was vanity under the sun, I wheeled my horse sharply round to the platform, and waited impatiently for Mr. Marples.

That individual's portly and ponderous form was not, however, to be discerned among the crowd of gentlemen who left the cars at *Roseneath* station. I looked round in vain for him, while one and another jumped into his carriage and was driven away; and I was just about starting home myself, when a gentleman approached, a little hesitatingly, and stopped by the side of the buggy.

"Is this Mr. Marples's carriage, may I ask?" he said, lifting his hat, with a courteous smile. I bowed in reply, and he added:

"Then I am to say that Mr. Marples has been unavoidably detained in town till the next train, and I am to take his seat, if you

please. I am Mr. Darrow. Have I the honor of speaking to Miss Marples?"

So! this was the Grand Mogul! This gentlemanly, pleasant-voiced man, who looked and spoke just like anybody else. And I—I had had the first sight of him; I was to sit by his side and drive with him; nay, more, I was to have him all to myself if I chose, for two whole hours; for the ladies would not be at home till tea-time, and Mr. Marples could not arrive till six. What honor! what bliss! How the magnificent Sylvia would hate me for it! And he had thought I might be she! This was rather too much honor for me to put up with, and I answered curtly:

"By no means. I am the children's governess, and am acting at present as coachman. Will you get in?"

I drew my skirts close, and made room for him on the left side. I was no delicate young lady to be driven by this elegant gentleman; besides, how did I know whether he could manage Fan? And besides, again, I liked driving, and I had few enough pleasures, while he had been fed upon sugar-plums all his life!

I need not have been so ugly about it in my own mind, only that it was my way to be ugly; for he seemed to be rather pleased with the arrangement.

"Ah, I like that," he said, suppressing a smile; "I have got used to being driven by ladies abroad. It's a sort of lazy luxury."

This remark not absolutely requiring a reply, I gave it none, but gathered up the reins, and started Fan off at a tearing pace, determined to occupy my present equivocal position as few minutes as possible.

"I suppose I was not expected to-day, Miss—a—a—pardon me, I did not quite catch the name."

Of course he had not, for I had not let it fall. Neither did I now. But I answered his question promptly:

"No, you were not. But you were *very much* expected to-morrow."

"Ah!"

He laughed heartily—a merry, amused laugh. When had I heard such a purely natural, mirthful tone? It was contagious, and I echoed it myself, actually without a touch of bitter or scornful feeling, and only a little bit of gratified malice at having given him an inkling of the "little game" proposed.

"They do me too much honor," he said, in an amused tone. "But I may hope, may I not, that my arrival in advance of time will not be unwelcome?"

"You will not be welcomed at any rate," I said, "for the ladies are out making calls, and will not be home for two hours yet."

"And it is just four o'clock. Good! Nothing I should like better than to have you drive me for a couple of hours through these shady old roads. It would be a perfect luxury after a fortnight at sea. Is there any reason why I should not be permitted that pleasure?"

I was on the point of answering curtly, "Only one, that I do not find it convenient to play coachman any longer;" but I met his look awaiting my reply, so simple, and frank, and courteous, so unconscious of any social differences, so bright and youthful in its readiness to give or to receive pleasure, in short, so manly and natural, that I could not rebuff him as I would have done any other man making such a request. There was no real objection to my doing as he wished; it would have been all right for Miss Marples, then why not for Miss Thorne? I knew it would make the people at home furious, but I cared very little for that. They would not venture to show it, for they would simply be in despair if I should take it into my head to leave them. I was the only governess, out of a half-dozen whom they had tried, who had been able to bring into any kind of subjection the flock of undisciplined children who had, before my arrival, made a mild purgatory of their weak mother's existence. My independence of action was tolerated therefore as that of any other indispensable servant would be, and I asked no more.

For my own feeling in the matter, the idea was not disagreeable. Men generally took no notice of me, which, while I resented it, I did not deplore, for they did not impress me as worthy of mine. But this man I rather liked; at least I liked his courteous manner and his sunshiny looks; I might as well be civil for once, and so I made no objection to his proposal, but simply inquired which way he would like to go.

"Oh, anywhere: these roads seem all lovely alike. What a beautiful country it is! I have seen nothing I thought more beautiful

abroad. But"—and he bent toward me with a scrutinizing look—"pray don't indulge my whim if you don't like to, or—" hesitatingly, "if you think any one else wouldn't like it."

There it was! Why should he question my willingness to oblige him? I had not meant to be ungracious: why must my manner always impress people so unfavorably? And why must everybody be continually reminding me that I was bond and not free? The old bitterness, forgotten for a moment, came back, and I said sullenly:

"I never do any thing I don't wish to, and whether other people like it or not is a matter of small consequence to me."

I did not look at him as I spoke; I only drew the reins and turned Fan into one of the cool, shady by-roads which opened everywhere from the highway, and looked in their flowery bloom, their exquisite mingling of sunshine and shadow, as though they might all lead to Paradise.

But though my eyes never sought his direction, I felt he was looking at me—looking at me searchingly, meditatively, as though pondering what manner of strange creature this was he had got hold of.

I bore it without flinching, till I thought it had lasted long enough, and then I turned round sharply upon him.

"Well, sir!" I said, "you have examined me at your leisure. You have discovered that I possess an ugly face, and an uglier manner. If you add a disposition of similar character, you will find no one to dispute you, not even myself. That being settled, suppose you interest yourself in observations of another sort. The landscape is worthy your attention."

But he answered promptly, without looking away:

"You will excuse me, for you have challenged personalities now yourself. I was thinking, when you spoke, that I had never seen so finely-cut a face. It is like one of Clementini's cameos. As for the manner, it is odd, perhaps, but I like originality."

A compliment—for me! The only answer I felt equal to was a shrug of my shoulders. My companion laughed, but colored too.

"Why are you so cross to me?" he said, in that natural sort of way of his, which I had never seen in any grown-up fine gentleman before. "Don't you know that I am to be at Roseneath all summer, probably? Are we going to quarrel, or be friends?"

"Neither, sir," I said, very decidedly; and, determined to put an end at once to personalities which I felt bitterly were wholly out of place between us two, I added:

"Pray never mind me, but look at the view from the top of this hill. Do you see the effect of the sunshine on the mountains beyond the river?"

I pulled Fan up shortly, and pointed with my whip toward the western horizon, where, purple against an azure sky, rose the Highlands, their summits crowned with unspeakable glory.

But as I drew the rein and extended the whip, the lash quivered for a moment upon the glossy flank of my high-mettled steed. She would never brook the insult of a blow, and in an instant she sprang off, tossing her slender head, setting back her ears, and snorting out her indignation and scorn. I grasped the lines tight, and bracing myself back in my seat, bore upon them with all my strength. But that was as nothing against Fan's noble rage. On she went like lightning, scornful of curb or rein, and I felt myself powerless to check her speed. Mr. Darrow did not offer to take the lines—he was waiting to see if I would not claim his assistance. I would have died first, and, when he saw this, he smiled curiously, and said with marked politeness:

"Allow me to relieve you. You will fatigue yourself."

"I will conquer her, or she shall conquer me," was my only answer, and I tightened my hold upon the reins, and spoke soothingly, almost pleadingly, to the horse; for I knew we were fast approaching Danger Hill, and that, if she should dash down that steep and stony descent at this mad pace, our lives would not be worth a rush.

My companion waited a moment, and then said:

"Meanwhile you must excuse me if I decline to have my neck broken, simply because you don't care about yours;" and as he spoke he laid a firm hand upon mine. The reins were forcibly taken from my spasmodic grasp, and, in an instant, another than myself felt the power of those steely fingers. My lady Fan resisted as I had done—plunged, and reared, and tossed her haughty head—but in vain. She too had to succumb to the force of a stronger will, and in a few minutes we were creeping down Danger Hill at the most circumspect pace imaginable.

"You must really pardon my violence," said Mr. Darrow, laughing, when we had safely reached the bottom, "Look back and see what you have escaped!"

"I could have guided her without your assistance," I said, sullenly, and he answered with a clear, earnest look straight into my eyes:

"No, you could not, my poor child, and you cannot yourself. You are at perpetual war with circumstances. You had better reconsider my offer; let me be your friend, at least while we are together."

And then be forgotten—cast off! for Sylvia Marples would never let her husband be my friend. No; such an offer I should not accept; but, oh, what an almost irresistible temptation it was to me! I was not angry at what he said of my inability to guide myself: I knew it was true, and I was—oh, so tired of battling with the world and with life, struggling on quite alone, with no word ever of sympathy or counsel! A true, a wise, and strong friend would be such an inestimable boon to me! Who else had ever even given me justice? But this man, young, handsome, distinguished, had taken the trouble to give me more than justice. He had shown me favor, the unconscious, chivalric favor of a man to a woman, just as though I were anybody else. He had absolutely praised me—meaning what he said; he offered now to be my friend, meaning it as well.

No one but a woman like myself, who had never before received a woman's meed of consideration, could appreciate the worth to me of the few crumbs which had fallen to me from that strong and gentle hand. But I knew well it would be the sheerest folly in me to allow the flavor to be taken out of my every-day bread and butter by frequent tastings of manna which must inevitably dissolve and vanish away when the sun rose—the sun of his love for the irresistible Sylvia.

No, I should decline it with thanks; but the struggle had wearied me none the less. All my pride of heart and strength of will had somehow broken down beneath the unaccustomed influence of a stranger's kindness; and my own voice surprised me by its softened tone, as I said, wearily:

"I thank you, but you don't know what you ask. It is quite impossible for any opportunities of real friendship to occur between Mrs. Marples's petted guest and her children's governess. Please don't say any more about it, and let us go home, unless you wish to ride farther. It is the next turning to the left."

I drew myself back into the corner of the buggy, and rested my head against the side. I felt strangely tired and nervous, and I was glad that my companion had tact enough to let me alone. He merely stooped and pushed his travelling-bag under my feet, and we drove home in the silence I had asked for. As we drew up in front of the house, we encountered the gaze of Mrs. Marples and Sylvia directed upon us from the piazza. They had returned before us!

A basilisk-glance I got for my greeting, but the most eager and smiling welcome was bestowed upon Mr. Darrow. I knew I could trust to his ready tact and gay good-humor to carry off the adventure in the most natural manner; and I felt too dreary to care much for their anger, anyhow. I slipped away past them all, and went up to my own room, in the top of the house. Tired as I was, however, I did not throw myself on the bed, as I would ordinarily have done, to rest for the few minutes preceding tea. I walked deliberately, instead, to the mirror, and, standing there, I took a longer and more critical survey of my own person than I had ever done before. As a result, I discovered that the epithet "hickory-nut," however applicable to my warped infancy, was no longer appropriate. My little glass certainly did not reflect the blooming and redundant contours of Miss Marples; brown I was, but not wrinkled or sharp; small, but not angular. I was no connoisseur in cameos, and had never seen one of Clementini's; but I saw that my features were delicately cut, my complexion clear, my eyes well-set and fine. I was too hopeless to feel any throb of natural womanly vanity; but I felt at least less self-discontent than usual, and so I turned away from the glass, and went down to tea. All was smooth as velvet there; the hostess all warmth and affability; the guest quite at his ease, and the beautiful Sylvia, in her robe of lapis-lazuli tissue, a picture upon which it was a luxury to rest one's eyes.

I was going quietly up to my own room after tea, when Mrs. Marples stopped me in the hall, and said, coldly: "We should be glad of some music this evening, Miss Thorne. It is very provoking, but Miss Marples is hoarse, and will not sing, and we shall have to make out with your playing. I will send for you when I want you."

"Very well," I said, and went up into the school-room to await the summons. Another time I would have coolly disregarded her insolent

hint not to enter the drawing-room until I was sent for; but to-night I was too indifferent to be self-assertive. I sat down in a window-recess which overlooked the garden, and watched wearily the advancing and retreating forms of Miss Marples and her guest, as they strolled up and down the broad alleys in the delicious sunset. I saw her gather a rose and fasten it with her own fair hands into his button-hole; I saw him return the courtesy with gallant grace, by twining a spray of clematis in her waving golden hair. They made a handsome couple, and they looked youthful and smiling and happy, as they sauntered there to and fro among those perfumed walks. It was evident, as they came in presently together, looking each so bright and beautiful, that there would be very little need here of Mrs. Marples's skill as a tactician.

One of the children came for me by-and-by, and I went down at once, walked directly to the piano, and began to play in the business-like manner of one who knows he is hired for that purpose. Mr. Darrow came forward immediately to turn over the leaves, but I said:

"Thank you, it isn't at all necessary. I prefer to do it for myself." And he smiled a little oddly, and went back to his seat by Sylvia's side.

Music was the only solace of my life—the only voice in which my better self ever found expression. I could not play other than well; but I tried this evening to play in as little subjective a way as possible. I chose a rather long, loud, and elaborate piece, and I rendered it as if I were on a concert-stage. The piano stood out in the room, and I could see Mr. Darrow's face. It wore a puzzled, an amused, and yet an admiring look; and I heard him whisper presently to Miss Marples:

"What wonderful power in those little slender hands!"

"You would think so if you could see them box the children's ears sometimes," was the reply, uttered with a treacherous laugh. He gave her a sudden, curious look of surprise and disgust, which she answered by a reiterating shrug of her beautiful shoulders, and an elevation of her arched eyebrows; and I played on, all the same, striking out clashing chords, and executing marvellous tricks of trills and arpeggios, disdaining quite to take any notice of the malicious falsehood.

'Twould be a pity, indeed, if I had to resort to brute force in governing that little horde of well-dressed savages, her brothers and sisters!

I played for an hour, and then I rose, bowed quietly, and left the room. How tired I was of it all! How glad to get to bed!

An hour's hard thinking and a night's good rest restored my balance entirely. I rose quite myself, cool, collected, and armed *cap-à-pie* for my daily warfare. To my amazement, and a little to my amusement, when I descended to the dining-room, I found both Mr. Darrow and Miss Marples there.

It seemed that he was an early riser, and had petitioned to be allowed to join the "railroad breakfast," as the children called their father's hurried morning meal. So Sylvia had made a mighty effort in his honor, and appeared likewise. She looked lovely—that, of course—in her morning-robe of fleecy muslin, just a soft haze of sleepiness wrapping her as in a transparent mist, but I knew what a martyr she was, and secretly enjoyed her sufferings.

I paid for it with a pang of envy an hour or two later when, as I was marshalling my scattered forces for the school-room, I saw her mounted for a morning ride with Mr. Darrow. Seated upon her milk-white mare, her habit of bright-blue cloth sweeping almost to the ground, the snowy plume of her hat mingling with a flowing tress of golden hair, and the soft brightness of excitement tinting her cheeks, and filling her eyes with light, she looked the very embodiment of beautiful Nature—like the sky with its brilliant blue, dappled with fleecy clouds, or the broad blue river, flecked with snow-white sails, or the distant hills, clad in azure and crowned with golden light. All about her was free, flowing, harmonious; and I did not find it strange that her companion gazed at her with looks of wonder and delight. But one glimpse of the glorious picture was enough for me, and I gave the word of command to my refractory little brigade, and marched them double-quick to their posts.

After dinner Miss Marples collapsed. Her afternoon-nap, always a desideratum, was, after her superhuman exertion of early rising, an absolute necessity. She could scarcely refrain from yawning at table, and, immediately after dessert, floated out of the room, making a graceful excuse of letters to write. Some pompous and furbelowed dame, who had come in, Roseaneath-fashion, to "spend the day," was

on Mrs. Marples's hands, and Mr. Darrow seemed likely to be left to his own resources. He sauntered out to the piazza with a cigar and a book; but, shortly after I had gathered my flock around me for their afternoon study-hour, I heard a step on the school-room stairs, which I was sure was his.

The door opened and there he was.

"Please, may I come in, ma'am?" he said, in a schoolboy-tone, standing on the threshold, and assuming an air of wonderful meekness.

"What for? to see me box the children's ears?" I asked. He started and colored, but answered coolly:

"Any thing, by way of a little excitement. It's horribly dull below." And then, with a curious look at me: "How finely you are made! What quick and acute senses you must have! None but the finest ear could have heard what was said in the midst of the trumpet-tones you were calling out from the piano. By-the-way, what inspired you to make a whole orchestra of yourself last night? I know very well that is not the way you play for *yourself*; nor is it the way I wish you to play for me this evening."

"Oh, this evening Sylvia will sing for you," I said, carelessly; "you should hear her sing; her voice pours out like cream, as rich and sweet!"

"I should suppose so; she has a sumptuous throat; and she is a sumptuous being altogether. Did not she look superb, when she went out to ride this morning?" he asked, enthusiastically.

"Yes, as fine a creature, in her way, as the mare she rode," I answered, quietly.

Another curious glance at me, and presently he said, in a lazy tone:

"I don't know that I'm quite so fond of cream as I was when I was a boy, and used to smother my strawberries in it. Do you know, I think I developed quite a passion for olives, when abroad; pleasant, pungent sort of bitter, you know?"

Questionable compliment! I shrugged my shoulders, and said, briefly:

"All this is very interesting, Mr. Darrow, and we are highly flattered at being made the confidantes of your various tastes; but, meanwhile, we are getting very unsettled for the afternoon, and we'll go to our work now, if you'll be so good as to excuse us."

"But you will not get rid of me, don't think it! As I have no work to do, unfortunately, I shall stay here, by your permission, and profit, vicariously, by your united industry."

And, without waiting for the permission, which he would certainly not have got, he proceeded to make himself comfortable upon the old, faded lounge, pillowing his head on an indiscriminate heap of books, bonnets, and broken toys, and pretending to go to sleep, but in reality watching all the time out of his half-shut eyes. It was a new sensation to me to be thus watched, and both flattered and annoyed me; but I did not choose to betray either feeling, and went on with my ordinary routine in study, business-like fashion. When the afternoon-work was over, and my young Arabs had begun to scatter, I got up quietly and started to the door. He sprang up, too, and said something; I did not hear what, but made good my escape up to my own room.

He was not to be baffled, however, and that evening, as I was following the children out of the drawing-room, he called out to me:

"Miss Thorne! one moment, please."

When I turned back, he met me at the door, and said:

"You ride, of course, Miss Thorne, as you drive so well. Will you ride with me at sunrise to-morrow? I know you rise with the sun."

How simply it was said! Quite as though there were not the least idea of any one objecting. I answered as simply, without even a glance toward Mrs. or Miss Marples:

"Your own horses came to-day, I believe?"

"They did—yes."

"Then I shall be happy to go. Good-night, sir."

And I went. But only once. It was too intoxicating, this new, rich wine of enjoyment, poured out in such brimming measure to an empty heart. The gay gallop on a spirited horse over the hills to meet the sunrise; the slow pacing through bosky lanes, where the glittering dew still pearly the hedgerows; the being alone with *him*, when all the world was asleep, and only Nature making new life around us, just as his kindness was waking new life in my soul: it would not do—this sort of thing. It suited neither me nor my position; it was like the mirage of the desert, and would vanish away and leave me darker, more deso-

late than before. I could not ride at sunrise with Mr. Darrow, when he was Sylvia's husband, and I would not do it now.

So, when he asked me to go a second time, I said, "No, thank you," very coldly, and he gave me a hurt look and never repeated the request. After that, I kept out of his way as much as possible; and when I was obliged to be in his presence, withdrew myself like a snail into my shell.

Sylvia, on the contrary, expanded under his influence like a flower beneath the sun. The girl really talked nowadays; she smiled, and even laughed, such soft, rich laughs! she walked with him, rode with him, read with him, and she seemed to me to grow more beautiful almost hour by hour.

He used to look at her with almost a rapture of enjoyment, as she sat at the piano, evening after evening, and sang in her luscious tones, while her snowy arms and hands moved wooingly back and forth in her slow accompaniments, and her lovely eyes rested oftener upon him than upon her music.

This for an hour, perhaps. Then I noticed that he would grow tired and restless, and he would send roving glances toward the shadowy corners, where I, a shadow myself, was wont to lurk. And then I would get up, all quivering with pain and triumph and bitterness, and go away. I did not choose to serve as the wine, over which men linger after they have wearied of the dessert and the ladies!

Sometimes he followed me, and I could hear him wandering to and fro about the house, like an uneasy spirit, opening doors, and peering into the library, the conservatory, the school-room. Once he even came up to my own room and begged, through the closed doors:

"Barbara, Barbara! I beg of you, come down!"

How strangely tempting it sounded—his voice calling me by name! And yet, how dared he trifle with me so? I sat quite still, scarcely breathing, and hot with the contest of anger and love; and at last he went away.

One night, however, he found me. Sylvia had been singing all the evening, and Mr. Darrow had hung over the piano enraptured with the beauty of her face or voice, or both. I sat in the deep embrasure of a window, withdrawn from sight myself, but watching and listening to the lovers, as now they undoubtedly were. And who could wonder? What *man* could resist the witchery of such marvellous loveliness? could retain possession of his senses, with those fleecy robes floating cloudlike about that sumptuous form, enveloping him, too, in their snowy waves? with that perfumed breath caressing his cheek, with those languid yet wooing eyes, those luscious lips, that whole fruit-like, flower-like face within such tempting reach of his?

Not Arnold Darrow; he was intoxicated, I saw; and I myself began to feel strangely excited. The room seemed close with the warmth of the evening and the fragrance of flowers blooming everywhere; the rich, low music grew cloyingly sweet; I seemed stifling for breath; there was the feeling of something about to happen, and I felt a strange desire for escape.

The window was open; I stole noiselessly through it, and, crossing the moonlit lawn, took refuge in the garden. At this hour it was all dew, and silence, and perfume, peopled only by myriads of glancing fire-flies. I walked up and down the alley, drawing long breaths of the cool, reviving air.

A swift step came presently behind me; a passionate voice sounded in my ear—

"Barbara, why do you flee from me? Did you think I did not see you take flight? But I did, my wild eaglet. I was drunk only for a moment; it is all over now, and I shall not let you escape me. You belong to me; I claim you. Come to me of your own sweet accord, my Barbara!"

Should I, indeed, when but a moment ago I had seen him hanging in ecstasy over another woman's beauty? Of course, he loved me *best*—I knew that well enough—but would less than *all* a man's love satisfy me? Could he have eyes or ears for any other woman in the world? No. I had little beauty, less sweetness; but I had at least a woman's pride. Therein I felt I surpassed my rival, and he should feel it too. Haughtily I turned toward him, spoke more haughtily.

"Excuse me, if you please," I said. "I am not of much value, I know; but, such as I am, I belong, not to you, but to myself alone."

He started back as if I had struck him.

"Barbara," he said, passionately, "am I, then, a fool? Do you really not love me?"

"You have not yet done me so much honor as to say that you love me," I answered, scornfully.

"Did you need that I should?" he demanded, hotly. "No, for you know it; you cannot but believe in my love, if, indeed, you believe in any thing. Barbara, for God's sake, do not torture yourself, nor me! I love you with my whole soul. I ask you to be my wife. Say yes or no."

"No, then, with many thanks," I said, carelessly, and turned to go away. He dropped his hands, which he had seized, as though they burned him, and yet they were cold as ice. He stood up before me in the starlight, and looked at me from head to foot.

"I think you are mad," he said presently, in a voice forcibly made calm, "but shall not make me mad like yourself. I will not let my life be ruined by you. Good-by." He turned, and strode from the garden, without once looking back. I stood as though turning to stone for a moment, and then I started to follow him. It was madness, indeed, to throw away thus, in blind, perverse pride, the only chance of happiness Fate had ever offered me. But my knees tottered beneath me; I had to lean against an arbor-railing, or I should have fallen. I tried to call; the voice died away in my throat; and now—now it was too late. He reached the gate; he flung it open. A white-robed figure glided across the lawn to meet him. I heard the soft, reproachful words:

"Arnold, where have you been? How could you leave me so?"

I saw him stoop, as if in defiance, and kiss the tempting face uplifted to him in the moonlight; and I knew that all was over. My rival had triumphed, and three people were rendered miserable for life.

Well, I had had my triumph, too—a strange one, and it did not thrill me or make me glow; on the contrary, I felt a chillness, a dreariness, as of death. I crept up to my own room, and there, in silence and solitude, my soul and I did battle together all the night long.

In the morning, Mrs. Marples met me with a radiant face.

"I am sure dear Sylvia may count upon your sympathy, Miss Thorne," she said—"Mr. Darrow proposed last night."

I did not notice whether there was malice or triumph in the woman's tone or not; I was thinking, while she spoke, a little irrelevantly, of the old myth of the Spartan boy with the fox hidden under his jacket and gnawing at his heart. But I answered, quite coolly:

"And was accepted, of course. May I trouble you to convey my humble congratulations? They will make a splendid-looking pair." And then I intimated that it was long past school-time, and that I must go about my business.

Which I did that day, and the next, and the next, through the weary round of weeks in which the whole house was full of the bustle of preparation; and presently the wedding-day came. I had not seen Mr. Darrow since the night I threw his heart back to him in the garden; he had gone away the very next day—to attend to settlements, get ready a house, etc., etc., they said—he was so impatient! But I met him face to face upon his marriage-morning, as, clad in his bridegroom's suit, which was almost equally appropriate to a chief mourner at a funeral, he was going down to lead his bride to church. And in the look he cast upon me then, full of pain, anger, reproach, as it was, I read the truth—that, if I had been mad that night, he had been madder still; that, though in an hour he would be Sylvia's husband, he was my lover still.

Knowledge how sweet, yet how bitter! I loved him well enough to wish it otherwise, and yet it was the only crumb of comfort which my starving heart had to subsist upon. It kept it alive for a year, during all which time I never saw him, and then one day Mrs. Marples told me that the Darrows were coming home—that Sylvia wished her baby to be born under the old roof.

No one knows the power of his own soul till it is tested.

I met the expectant parents with the simplest naturalness, surprising everybody, I think, by my unwonted civility; but I smiled to myself with a sad incredulity when I chanced to hear Mrs. Marples speak of them to some friends as "the happy couple." Happy! It had scarcely needed a single day to show me that they were *not* happy. Sylvia had never had any charm for her husband but her beauty and her love for him. The one she was fast losing—she looked sallow, and very far from well—with the other she was wearing him out. Not but that he was all devotion to her. She made constant demands upon his attention, and he honored them all; but it was with the chivalry of a gentleman toward a weak woman rather than the tenderness of a

husband toward a beloved wife. He was with her constantly, for she never was happy unless he was at her side; he drove with her, read to her, sat beside her with his arm about her waist and her head upon his shoulder, fed the demands of her morbid fondness with his very life, and was all the while alone and starving himself. There was a jaded look in his face, that went to my very heart, making it thrill, now with pitying love, now with bitter triumph; but I hid both, and simply kept out of his way.

It seemed that they had not come home too soon. Scarcely a week had passed, when Sylvia was taken ill, and I saw by the anxiety on every face that even more than usual risk was apprehended. There came a night when no one even pretended to eat or sleep, and the doors of the sick-chamber were kept closed under strict guard. And when, at last, at day-dawn, the awful silence was broken by a sudden loud and sturdy cry, and the nurse came out, bearing a great, strong boy in her arms, she brought also the pitiful tidings that the young mother had given her life for his.

"And I'm wanted in there, miss," said the woman to me; "for they're all wellnigh crazed. Will ye please hold the baby for a while, till I can come back and take it from ye?"

I listened, half-stunned and stupid; but she pushed me gently down into a chair, and placed the child upon my lap. And so it happened that mine were the first knees upon which *his* child was cradled.

Only for a little while; then the nurse came and took the little live bundle away from me, and I got up, still in a half-dazed way, to go and look for the children. As I passed the chamber of death, the door opened for the doctor to pass out, and I glanced in involuntarily. The widowed husband was kneeling by the pillow of his dead wife, her beautiful head upon his shoulder, her white arms twined about his neck. She had died so, they told me afterward, and he would not let that last clinging clasp be disturbed, until those who were to dress the dead for her last resting-place came and removed him with gentle force. My good, my noble Arnold!

A strange shadow settled down over the Rosenenth household after this. Mr. Darrow went away immediately; Mr. Marples immersed himself more deeply than ever in business; Mrs. Marples gave herself wholly up to her grief, and remained almost altogether in her own room; the very children were subdued, and went about more quietly; and I—I, too, was changed. God forgive me, if it was wicked; but I could not mourn for Sylvia's death as others did. She had always seemed to me like a gorgeous passion-flower, or rather, like one of those great, creamy day-lilies, born to bloom in beauty for a little, little while, and then fade away, as it were, with the excess of its own sweetness. Not for her own sake, more than for Arnold's, upon whom she had already palled, could I have wished her a longer life; nor will I deny that, through the gateway which led to her tomb, I sometimes caught wild glimpses of a possible paradise, from which I had once maddly shut out myself and him who loved me.

But it was not these visions, this hope, which wrought a change in me; they were too fleeting, too unsubstantial, too darkly tintured with the pitiful sadness of early death. It was the baby, I think—*his* motherless child—that baptized my soul as with saving grace. Mrs. Marples's persistent retirement left me virtually mistress of the household, and as such I could assume, without comment, as much charge of the child as I chose. And this meant all that my other duties permitted; for, from the moment when the little, helpless, new-born babe had been laid upon my unaccustomed knees, it had made for itself a place in my heart, close within the secret cell where the thought of its father lay enshrined. The sweetest thing in all the world to me was the touch of its little clinging hands; and, when it came to know me, to smile and crow and put out appealing arms at my coming, it seemed to me that Fate had removed her bitter ban, and that it might be given, even to me, to be not wholly joyless. The tiny touch of a baby-hand had broken up the sealed fountains of my heart, and mingled some sweet and precious drops with their bitter waters. If I might not be his wife, I was at least a mother to his child—and I was content.

So the days grew into months, and the months grew to be many; and the little Arnold had come to be a beautiful boy, with the great Arnold's own blue eyes and sunshiny face; when one day a letter came from his father to say that he had sailed for home, and would be at Rosenenth but a few hours behind his message. Already the carriage was gone to the station to fetch him, but I did not play the *role*

of coachman as on that summer afternoon two long, strange years ago. I was in the nursery, busying myself in making my boy look as beautiful as possible, and teaching him over and over to say "Papa, papa!" in his cunning, baby lisp; but, when the sound of the returning wheels was heard on the gravelled drive, I hastily made him over to his grandmother, and betook myself out of the way to my own room. I could not resist the temptation, however, to linger on the stair a moment, and, leaning over the banister, catch one sound of the dear, well-remembered voice, one glimpse of the meeting of father and son. How glad and proud I was that the little fellow showed no fear of the tall, bearded stranger, who clasped him so eagerly, and held him close, with such a passion of pride and tenderness! I knew who it was who had made his father's name and his father's face a household sound and sight to the child; and, for a moment, I felt all a mother's fond exultation. But the next instant came the bitter thought that I had no real part or lot in this reunion. I felt alone—out in the cold; even my baby would be weaned from me now; and I went away and shut myself up in my room, determined to meet my new grief face to face, and come to terms with it then and there.

But I could not. I could not think; I could not even sit still. A feverish excitement had taken possession of me; my pulses beat quick; quick thrills ran over me from head to foot every time the sound of his voice struck my ear.

They were all out on the piazza; the windows were open, and I could hear the eager confusion of question and answer; the father's delighted exclamations over his boy; the child's gleeful shout as he was tossed up in those strong arms; and I simply could not endure to be so far removed—so utterly forgotten.

I sprang up, and went, all quivering with excitement, to bathe my burning face and smooth my hair. I started as I stopped a moment before the mirror. What sparkling eyes! What crimson cheeks! Oh, *would* he find me beautiful once more?

I brushed my hair with trembling hands, and turned to go downstairs; I had a right to, and oh, I *could* not stay away! But, as I lingered, doubting and fearing, on the landing below, I heard a sound which checked me. It was my baby calling for me in his pretty *patois*:

"Baba, Baba!"

I stood still, and listened breathlessly.

"What does he mean?" asked his father; and again came the impatient little cry:

"Baba, me want Baba!"

"It is Miss Thorne he is calling," said Mrs. Marples, coldly; "you have probably forgotten her, the children's governess."

I waited for the answer as one waits for the sentence of death. It came presently, in a constrained, offended voice:

"No, I remember her perfectly. But what can the child want with *her*?"

"Ah, that I'm sure I don't know. She has contrived, I believe, to make him very fond of her. I don't know how, for my children fear rather than love her.—Come, baby, come to grandma, if you're tired of papa."

"Oh, no!" came the petulant baby-tone. "Me want my Baba; Baba all done away!"

And I knew, without seeing, how the pretty red mouth was beginning to pucker, and the bright, blue eyes to fill with tears. My precious baby! Ah, they could not steal him from me! A moment more, and I should go and snatch him from them all.

But, in that moment more, I heard the father's voice:

"Come, then, darling, and we will go and look for Baba together;" and then a man's step sounded in the hall and on the stair.

I was standing just by the school-room door; I opened it, and went in. My heart beat as though it would burst from my bosom. I held it tight with both hands, and stood in a window recess, trembling, shivering, waiting my doom. It came to me with long, quick strides. The next moment Arnold's tall figure stood beside me, and my baby's glad cry sounded at my ear. I put out my arms, and gathered the child close up in my bosom, and then I looked up with steadfast though tortured eyes to his father's face. How much older it had grown, and how stern! Oh, where had the sunshine gone which had beamed on me so genially that summer afternoon so long ago?

"You see he is like his father, Barbara," he said, in a bitter tone; "he wants, as I did, what is not good for him. But I hear you are kinder to him than you were to me."

I could not endure it any longer.

"Arnold," I said, "for *his* sake, forgive me. I was mad, as you said, but your child has clothed me in my right mind. Won't you try me once more? *He* loves me!"

There was a moment's amazed and incredulous silence. Then we were caught, baby and I, both together, in one long, passionate clasp to that dear, sheltering breast. And the precious words sounded in my ear:

"My Barbara at last! My wife—my child's mother!"

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XLIII.—IN WHICH A SUITOR FROM AUSTRALIA THROWS HIMSELF AT THE WIDOW'S FEET.

WHEN Mrs. Upjohn's gay circle rather suddenly broke up (of which more anon), Mr. Pickford had been one of the earliest deserters. He was distantly related, as we have said, to Mrs. Rowley, and had not only called on her soon after her arrival, but had obligingly proposed to come and spend a week with her before he left the country. She had rather a liking for Paul, who was a pleasant, easy-going fellow, and she accepted his offer graciously, though she thought it cool, and shrewdly suspected that his object was to get into the good graces of one of her daughters. Mrs. Rowley, however, was not uneasy on that score; and Paul, while he felt his way with the girls, had the tact, not only to make himself agreeable, but useful, while he remained. One of the services he occasionally rendered was to act as a buffer between the widow and the sort of troublesome people mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter.

One of these "*fâcheux*," who proved the most pertinacious, but who also in return afforded some amusement, was the purchaser of the house in London, which the reader may remember that Mr. Marjoram sold for the late Mr. Rowley in the spring, on which occasion the solicitor made adroit use of Mrs. Rowley's portrait. The name of this personage was Sir Peter Cheesy, a bachelor on the wrong side of fifty, who began life as a small provision-dealer at Gloucester, emigrated to Australia, made a good lump of money there, and, returning to his native town, rose to the dignity of mayor, and got knighted on the occasion of a royal progress. Sir Peter soon forgot all about the picture; but happening one day in "the fall," as the Americans say, to light on one of the newspapers in which Mrs. Rowley was trumpeted in the way we have seen, it recalled the circumstance to his memory, and, being on the lookout for a wife, as well as for a good investment for some spare capital, he was just in the mood to be seduced by so glowing a description. In a word, after rigging himself out at a Bond-Street tailor's, where he afforded diversion enough to pay for his clothes, he set off for Cornwall. He was a short, puffy man, with a round figure and chubby face, not unlike the late Mr. Robson in the part of Zephyr. He got down to Oakham safe enough; but he got into the first of his troubles the very day he arrived, for, inquiring at the inn for the residence of "the great lady" of the neighborhood, he was directed by an Upjohnite waiter to Foxden. Mrs. Upjohn, who was always happy to receive visits from titled personages, no sooner saw Sir Peter's card than she desired the servant to show him in, and she must have been very unreasonable not to have been satisfied with the bows and obeisances with which he presented himself before her. Upon his part, the knight was even more delighted at the cordial and respectful reception vouchsafed him by the great lady.

But the very first compliment Sir Peter fired off (most probably borrowed from the newspaper) spoiled all. Mrs. Upjohn rose abruptly, almost as soon as she was seated, grew as red as the moon in a fog, and cut him short in her usual refined way, when there was nobody present to put her on her lady-like behavior.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but you are in the wrong box. I'm not the person you take me for. We don't brew here, I assure you. I'll order my servant to direct you to Mrs. Rowley's establishment."

Poor Sir Peter was confounded by this tirade, and almost tumbled out of the room, making all manner of inarticulate apologies for his mistake.

He had hardly recovered from his confusion when he reached the cottage, to be discomfited again, though in a different way. There he saw Miss Secretary Penrose, who shook her head in an awful way, told him that, as to seeing Mrs. Rowley, it was quite out of the question, and referred him to Mr. Cosie at the village.

At the village, both that day and the next, Sir Peter Cheesy was equally unlucky, so there was nothing to be done but to live in hope, and meanwhile lounge about by himself, and see as much as he could without anybody's assistance. He passed some days in this way, always expecting to come across "the fascinating widow" in his perambulations, which he never had the luck to do. He was beginning to be a bore, however, sometimes waylaying her, sometimes taking observations of her with a pocket-telescope from the rocks and eminences commanding a view of the Meadows. At last Mr. Pickford threw himself in his way in hopes of getting rid of him; but he soon forgot all about that, he was so diverted by the gushing simplicity with which Sir Peter stated his objects and his determination to persevere until he had the honor of seeing "the paragon of her sex and the mirror of English gentlewomen." It now occurred to Paul, both for his own amusement and Mrs. Rowley's security, to take Sir Peter in tow himself, and tire him well out, which promised to be an easy matter, for, as men of his figure commonly are, he was a little asthmatic, or short-winded. Paul first took him to the brewery, and made him drowsy with tasting the different ales and beers, astonishing him at the same time by his account of the profits.

"It pays a fabulous percentage," said Paul, intrepidly.

"A fabulous percentage!" repeated Sir Peter; "I'll take a note of that—wonderful woman!"

"I should say so," said Paul, while Sir Peter entered the veracious statement in his memoranda.

"And is there really no chance of seeing her, Mr. Beckford?"

"Pickford, if you please. None whatever, Sir Peter—in fact, Mrs. Rowley is a lady, if it is not profane to say it, who is only to be seen like Providence—in her works."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Pickwick!—do you say so? Like Providence! I'll take a note of that."

"Do, by all means," said Paul, with a gravity that did him credit; "but allow me to observe that I have not the honor to be Mr. Pickwick—Pickford, if you please."

Paul then carried off his victim into the open country, to show him the cottages and the farming, and kept him in a state of unintermitting amazement, not so much with the facts, you may suppose, as with Paul's comments upon them. The pencil and note-book were not a moment idle.

"Just look at those sheep, Sir Peter—you ought to be a judge of sheep, coming from Australia—did you ever see such sheep in your life? The mutton is the best in the world. No one who has once tasted it ever eats venison afterward."

Sir Peter's lips watered as he asked the name of the breed.

"A breed of her own, Sir Peter; she is crossing her South-downs with Cotswolds."

"Crossing her South-downs with Cotswolds!"

Perhaps there was not a note taken of that! But it was the last Sir Peter took that day; for he was dog-tired, and obliged to entreat Mr. Pickford to conduct him back to the inn by the shortest way.

But, though his legs failed, his curiosity was unabated, and at parting he implored his cicerone to give him the benefit of his guidance for one day more, adding, as the thought suddenly struck him, that perhaps if Mrs. Rowley knew who he was, and that he had bought her house, she would not refuse him an interview.

"Remind her of that, if you please, my dear sir—more by token, I stinkled for the furniture into the bargain."

"You didn't get it, I rather think?" said Paul.

"Not so much as a kitchen-chair. She was right, sir, quite right; but so was I, you know, to hold out for it. Business is business—that's my motto."

"Let me tell you," said Paul, "if you had acted otherwise, you would forever have forfeited her esteem, and it would be utterly in vain to solicit an audience for you. Now, I feel disposed to try, for you seem to me to be just the sort of man she likes."

Sir Peter was as proud as a peacock.

"But you must see the mines," said Paul. "I can't go with you to-morrow, but you can go very well by yourself. Go early, by the first light, see them thoroughly, and, mind, go down into them,

into every chamber. She likes that. And come up afterward to the cottage, and I take on myself to ask you to lunch with her at one o'clock."

"This is kind of you, indeed!" cried the little man.

Paul then instructed him how to get to the mines, which were on an island behind Arnaud's.

"Is the passage rough?" inquired Sir Peter, rather anxiously.

"A ripple, perhaps—but so short. Portsmouth to Ryde—that's all."

Mrs. Rowley thought Mr. Pickford had taken too great a liberty; but she was not very angry about it, as Sir Peter had paid a round sum for the house.

But when the next day came, no Sir Peter; luncheon came, and was over, but no Sir Peter.

"The voyage probably disagreed with him," said Susan.

"The day was too breezy for Sir Peter Cheesy," said Fanny.

"And made him queazy," added Mrs. Rowley.

Later in the day Mr. Pickford strolled down to the village to inquire what had become of the knight, though he rather suspected the cause of his nonappearance.

"Ask him for to-morrow, if he has come to grief," said Mrs. Rowley, good-naturedly.

He had come to grief, indeed, and the passage was the least of it. The poor little man came up out of the mine, which was very wet, not only thoroughly drenched, but all crusted with yellow slime—hands and face, new clothes, and every thing.

When Paul was shown to his room, he found him standing at the fire in his shirt-sleeves, and ruefully contemplating the disastrous state of a superb morning-suit of velveteen, which he had put on that day for the first time, to appear to advantage in Mrs. Rowley's eyes.

"Ruined, sir!" he said, in a tone that was quite affecting; "ruined past brushing—coppered all over!"

Paul really was very sorry, and looked as sympathizing as he could.

"You see," continued Sir Peter, with the same melancholy seriousness, "it was impossible to present myself before Mrs. Rowley in the state I was in."

"Well, if you had, my dear sir, she would only have been flattered. I almost regret you didn't come as you were; but that can't be helped. She desires me to say she hopes to see you at the same hour to-morrow."

Sir Peter brightened up. This more than compensated him for the ruin of his velveteens.

"You will have a great deal to tell her," added Paul; "she loves to be complimented on her speculations and her practical talents. All women like praise, as you know, and Mrs. Rowley is a thorough woman for that."

"Thank you for the hint," said Sir Peter. "I'll not forget it. Oh, though the mine was dirty, and I spoiled my clothes, I saw it all; went through every chamber; nothing escaped me. Why it must pay enormously!"

"You may say so," said Paul; but, when you see the lady herself, you will forget every thing else. Remember, one o'clock to-morrow," and Mr. Pickford went away, leaving the little man full of hope and in high spirits, though he sighed heavily every time he looked at his velveteens.

He was punctual as the sun at the Meadows the next day; and, as his morning suit was spoiled, he appeared in full evening costume, with a black coat and a wonderful spread of white waistcoat, in which he looked like a turbot standing on his tail. As to the vein of conversation which Sir Peter adopted to charm his hostess, according to Mr. Pickford's cruel suggestion, we leave the reader to imagine it. Mr. Pickford was every moment expecting to hear Mrs. Rowley complimented on her experiment with the Cotswolds and South-downs. Suffice it to say that the lunch of that day was a severe trial to the Rowleys. Sir Peter, however, went away so enchanted with his reception that he almost hugged Mr. Pickford as he went away, and begged the honor of his company to dinner at the inn the following day; an invitation which Paul, after a moment's reflection, accepted, suspecting there was something in the wind which Sir Peter had not yet disclosed.

The dinner came off. The host was at first reserved, and rather silent; but it was evidently the silence of a man who was bursting with some great conception. Paul ate his dinner, drank his wine, and

waited. As soon, however, as the cloth was removed, Sir Peter, while filling Paul's glass, commenced the conversation as follows:

"Ah, but you are a lucky man, Mr. Pickford, with the opportunities you have."

"Who, I?" said Paul; "with the widow you mean?"

"To be sure I do."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Pickford, "she would be a likely woman to think of me!"

"I don't see why not—a handsome young man like you—every thing in your favor."

Paul laughed again, but it was only that he saw in a moment what his little host was driving at.

"No, no, Sir Peter, I'm not the happy man. In the first place, I'm too young. If ever Mrs. Rowley marries again, it will be a steady, elderly gentleman—not under fifty, I should say. That's about your age, Sir Peter, eh?"

"Just turned fifty-two," said Sir Peter.

"But, besides," continued Mr. Pickford, "you don't suppose a sharp woman of the world like her would think of a partner without either a landed estate or a good round sum in the funds? If I had the good luck to be a moneyed man of fifty-two I might have some chance. She is very well disposed to marry, I have good reason to believe."

"A woman like her has only to choose," said Sir Peter, who was mentally engaged in putting together all the qualifications stated by Paul, and comparing them with a standard he had in his own mind. Paul knew what was going on there as well as he did himself.

"And there's another thing, Sir Peter. I know no more of business than a fool. In fact, she despises me ever since she discovered one day that I knew nothing of tare and tret."

"And you don't—is it possible? Nobody knows all about that better than I do."

"I took care to tell her the interest you took in her system of book-keeping, and you must have seen yourself how gratified she was by your descent into the mines. That was the best hit you ever made."

Sir Peter pushed the wine toward his guest, and seemed again in his former difficulty of finding words; but at last they came.

"You said I made a hit, Mr. Pickford, didn't you? May I ask what you mean precisely by that?"

"Why, that you hit her fancy, of course; and I know what I would do next, if I was fortunate enough to have your mature age, handsome fortune, business-like habits, and another thing that I have not mentioned yet—your title, Sir Peter."

"My title! you really think the title would be of use?"

"To be sure it will; there's nothing like a handle to one's name to win a woman."

"And what would you do, as you were just saying?"

"Why, having made a hit, I would follow it up."

"But how, how? that's the question. I don't see my way. I suppose it's because I lived so long in Australia."

"Did you never hear the phrase, a bold stroke for a wife?"

"Lay siege to her at once?"

"No, no; no, no; take her by storm! Up, guards, and at her!"

"Up, guards, and at her!" repeated Sir Peter, slapping the table with ardor, "I'll do it! I'll visit her to-morrow, and make my declaration."

"That won't do," said Paul, who was not going to expose Mrs. Rowley to a second visitation even worse than the first, "that's not the way; declare on paper—write her a letter."

"A letter, you think, a letter; but then you see, Mr. Pickford, the misfortune is, I never wrote a letter in all my life except on business."

"So much the better; write her the plain, downright letter of a man of business, a few words, coming slap to the point."

"A letter of business? I see; plain and downright; slap to the point!"

"Exactly. If she says yes, you are the luckiest man in England; if she says no—but that's a case not to be put."

Mr. Pickford had by this time enough of his host, and perhaps too much of his wine; so he bade him good-night, and left him to compose his declaration, which he was prudent enough to postpone to the cool of the morning.

Of the two business-like letters which passed on this occasion, both slap to the point, unfortunately only Mrs. Rowley's has been preserved:

"DEAR SIR PETER CHEEZY:

"A great many thanks for your straightforward and flattering letter. I am highly gratified to find that you approve of my enterprises, and consider my little speculations judicious; but, as to the partnership which you are so good as to propose, much as it gratifies my vanity, I am obliged to decline it in the frank, downright way of which you have set me so good an example. Wishing you a safe journey back to London,

"I remain, dear Sir Peter,

"Yours sincerely,

"FATIMA ROWLEY."

But the widow was not at all pleased with this business altogether, and she was probably not more gracious to Mr. Pickford after it, as he left the cottage in a few days.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FORTUNIO.

A PARABLE FOR THE TIMES.

WHO at the court of Astolf, the great king,
King of a realm of firs and icy flocks,
Cold-bright fiords, and mountains capped with clouds—
Who there so loved and honored as the knight,
The youthful knight Fortunio? Whence he came,
None knew, nor whom his kindred: at a bound
He passed all rivals moving toward the throne,
And stood firm-poised above them, yet with mien
So sweet, it honeyed envy, and surprised
The bitterest railers into complaisance!
Low-voiced and delicate-featured, with a cheek
As soft as peach-down, or the golden dust
Shrined in a maiden lily's heart of hearts—
Yet a stern will bent bowl-like, with the shaft
Of some keen purpose swiftly drawn to head,
Or launched unerring at its lofty mark,
Rose thrilled with action, or high-strung at aim,
Beneath his jewelled doublet! While the hand
So warm, so white, and wont to press the palm
In palpitating clasp of fair sixteen,
Could wield the ponderous battle-axe, or flash
The lightning rapier in a foeman's eyes.
Prince of the tourney and the dance alike,
War's fiercer lists had seen his furrowless brow
Flushed red with heats of battle, heard his voice
Shrilled clear beyond the clarions, mount and break
In lark-like song far o'er the mists of blood,
Through Victory's calmer heaven. Mixed love and fear,
With love oft-times preponderant, girded him
Closely, as with an atmosphere disturbed
Only by hints of thunder, ghosts of cloud.
But love, all love, love in her passionate eyes,
Love 'twixt the pure twin rosebuds of her mouth,
Love in the arch of brooding, beauteous brows,
And every wavering dimple wherein smiles
At hide-and-seek with sly, mock frownings played—
All love was Freyla, though a princess she,
For this unknown Fortunio! Wildly beat
And burned her heart at each soft glance he gave,
Or softer word, albeit as yet unthrilled
By answering passion! Swiftly flew her dreams
Birdlike on balmy winds of fancy borne,
To bridal realms empurpled and divine—
Alas! but Scorn, that long had lurked and spied
In ambush, shot its sudden bolts, and brought
Those winged Dreams transfixed to earth and dead!
While Rage, Scorn's ally, in her father's breast,
Clutched the sweet dreamer rudely, dragged her soul
Into the garish glare of Commonplace
(Soon to be lit by Horror's lurid star!),
And so convulsed her tenderness with threats,
That all her being seemed collapsed to fall
Crushed, as in moral earthquake: "Doting fool,"

Outshrieked the king, "dost dream great Odin's blood
Could mix with veins plebeian? Purge thy thoughts,
Unvirgined, vile, of sacrilegious sin!
But for this boy, our twelvemonth's grace hath raised
So high, a moment's justice shall cast down
To fathomless depths of ruin!"

—Wherewithal

(Harping on justice still, though justice slept),
The king decreed, "This youth Fortunio dies!"
So, on a bright spring morn, the knight stood up,
Fronting the royal doomsmen, with a face
Sublimely calm; they tore his bravery off,
His jewelled vest and knighthood's golden spurs,
And bared his heart to catch the arrowy hail—
When lo! beneath those rough, disrobing hands,
*The dangerous, lewd seducer, coyly bowed,
Outbeamed a virgin beauty chaste and fair!*

The king beholding, started, and then smiled:
"Thou wanton madcap," said he, "go in peace!"

O cordial eyes, the brown eyes and the blue,
Or ye dark eyes, with deeps like midnight heavens,
Where unimagined worlds of thought and love
Shine starlike, would ye quench your glorious rays
In the low levels of the lives of men?
O gracious souls of women tender-sweet,
And luminous with goodness, would ye soil
Your nascent angel plumage in the sty
Of sordid worldliness? Be warned, be warned!
Set not the frail spears of your rash caprice
In rest against great Nature's pierceless shield;
Strive not to grasp monopolies impure,
Man's fated heritage. Be warned, be warned!
For surely as yon bright sun dawns and dies,
And sure as Nature, all immutable,
Year after year completes her mystic round
Through law's vast orbit—so ye desperate Fair,
Arrayed against the eternal force of God,
Must fall discomfited, and like that knight,
The false Fortunio, rest your claims at last,
Not on deft spells of simulated power,
But on the soft, white bosom which enspheres
The sacred charms of perfect womanhood!

VERBAL AMBIGUITIES.

THE ambiguity of words and phrases is the occasion of numerous misapprehensions, puzzles, and absurdities in current literature, a few examples of which may be entertaining.

Referring first to puzzles, we may mention the case of the man who had six children, and had never seen one of them. The mind is misled here, by supposing that "one of them" means any of them, and if it had been said, never saw a single one of them, it would have been still more likely to be misunderstood. The answer to this puzzle is, that one of them had been born while the man was on a journey, and he had not seen it.

There is a puzzle well known to the rising generation, which runs nearly in this fashion: "There was a poor blind beggar who had a brother; the brother died, but the man who died had no brother. What relation was the beggar to the man who died?" Here we are misled by taking it for granted that the beggar must have been a man, but the clue being given that the beggar was a girl, it becomes quite plain that the beggar was a sister of the man who died.

There are a number of these riddles on the subject of relationships. We are told of two men who met at an inn, and greeted each other affectionately. The innkeeper asked one of them if the other was a kin of his, and received the following enigmatical reply:

"Brother nor sister have I none.
Yet this man's father was my father's son."

Now this is a perfectly plain proposition, and yet I have known a company delve at it for an hour, and finally give it up, only to marvel

at their own stupidity in not seeing that this form of words was but an ambiguous way of saying that "this man" was the speaker's son. Again, two brothers were walking down the street, and one stopped at a door, remarking: "I have a niece here who is ill." "Thank Heaven," said the other, "I have no niece." How could that be? The only difficulty in guessing this is the tendency of the mind to move in a rut. Having got the idea of niece fixed, the mind refuses to think of any thing else but different kinds of nieces, and never once looks to one side sufficiently to see that the sick girl was the daughter of the man who said he had no niece. It is very true that the expression "Thank Heaven!" seems somewhat uncalled for when the true fact appears, but then a riddle must not be made too easy.

There is something quite fascinating to the juvenile mind in that peculiar effect in words which is called a catch. Thus a youngster with a very serious face enters the room with a piece of news. "Beecher," says he, "got shot to-day." "Is that so?" says one; and, "Where?" asks another. "He got shot in a hardware store down town," says the youngster. "He was going hunting." In the same way, with a little falsification of accent and the omission of the hyphen, he says that he has seen a horse fly, a garden walk, a kettle drum, a hat box, etc. He is delighted to annoy the company with the question, "How many hairs are there in a dog's tail?" and to assure them with much nonchalance at last that there are none, the hairs being all on the outside.

In the same spirit a man indorsed his companion who wanted to get trusted for a bottle of wine, with the remark, "If he refuses to pay for it, I will." The man refused to pay for it, and so did his friend, as he said he would. For such a person I have no sympathy, but I must admit a lurking admiration of that dilapidated student of the subtle distinctions of words, who, when trying to effect a free entrance to a theatre, was roughly told by the doorkeeper, "Here, I can't pass you," and who replied with dignity as he walked in, "You need not pass me, my dear sir. Just you stand where you are, and I will pass you."

What is known as the white lie is rendered possible by the uncertainty in language of which I am speaking. Thus when the sheriff asked the wife of a Quaker, against whom he had a writ, if her husband was at home, she replied, "Yes, he will see thee in a moment." The sheriff waited some time, and then suggested to the lady that she had promised that he might see her husband. "No, friend," replied the quakeress, "I only promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thee, and hath left the house by another path."

Persons unaccustomed to composition frequently express themselves in language which is liable to very absurd misapprehension. The proprietor of a bone-mill advertises that parties sending their own bones to be ground, will be attended to with fidelity and dispatch. A miller attempted to testify to the merits of a powder for destroying vermin, by saying: "A fortnight ago I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one;" and in the column of "situations wanted," we read that a respectable young woman wants washing. An account of a funeral says: "The remains were committed to that bourn from which no traveller returns attended by his friends."

Some of the results of an imperfect knowledge of the proper grammatical relations of words are very ludicrous. The mistake in the following is quite easy to be made, and yet it produces a rather startling effect:

"Housekeeper—A highly-respectable middle-aged person of economical habits, who has been filling the above situation with a gentleman for upward of eleven years, and who is now deceased, is anxious to meet with a similar one."

It was not necessary for this "respectable person," "who is now deceased," to say that her habits were economical. It would follow as a matter of course that her living would cost very little. Some verses were sent to an editor with the explanation: "These lines were written some fifty years ago by one who has for several years lain in the grave for his own amusement."

It is somewhat difficult to find the correlative verb and nominative of the following sentence: "Lost by a poor lad tied up in a brown paper with a white string a German flute with an overcoat on and several other articles of wearing apparel." The same trouble is found in the following copy of a note sent to a gentleman by the overseer of his place: "Please send me by the boy a pair of trace chains and two door hinges. Jane had twins last night—also two padlocks." It will be seen that great care is required in the construction of sentences. A

reporter once wrote: "The procession was very fine, as was also the oration of the chaplain." He afterward inserted, by a carat after "fine," "and nearly two miles in length," forgetting that this phrase also referred to the oration.

Persons accustomed to writing narrative often experience the difficulty of using pronouns, so that there shall be no mistake as to the noun for which they stand. In speaking of two persons of the same sex, there is continual tendency to confusion. This is ludicrously illustrated in the following account of the examination, by a judge, of a witness, in a case of assault and battery. Said the witness:

"There was Mike and the dog there, yer honor; so he flew at me very savage—"

JUDGE.—"Who? Mike?"

WITNESS.—"No, the dog, yer honor. And I says to him—"

JUDGE.—"To whom? The dog?"

WITNESS.—"To Mike, yer honor.—Get away wid yer!—and I just hauled off and hit him."

JUDGE.—"Hit Mike?"

WITNESS.—"No, the dog, yer honor, and he made a rush for me."

JUDGE.—"Who? The dog?"

WITNESS.—"Mike, yer honor. And I up wid a stun and throwed v at him, and it rolled him over and over."

JUDGE.—"Threw a stone at Mike?"

WITNESS.—"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

JUDGE.—"The dog?"

WITNESS.—"No, Mike. And wid that he run off."

JUDGE.—"Mike?"

WITNESS.—"No, the dog. And then he come back, and got me down, yer honor."

JUDGE.—"The dog came back at you?"

WITNESS.—"No, Mike, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

JUDGE.—"Who isn't hurt?"

WITNESS.—"The dog, yer honor."

In the proceedings of the New-York Common Council, May 12, 1869, appears the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby directed to draw a warrant in favor of David Sherrad for the sum of \$350, to be in full compensation for loss sustained by reason of his horse stepping into a hole in the pavement in South Street, at the foot of Pike Street, on the 17th of February, 1869, from the effects of which he died."

It is certainly remarkable that David should have died from the effects of his horse stepping into a hole, and quite as remarkable that he could be compensated for his own death by the paltry sum of three hundred and fifty dollars.

Similarly, we have an account of a steamboat explosion, in which the following sentence occurs: "The captain swam ashore and so did the cook. She was insured for fifteen thousand dollars, and was loaded with iron."

An old lady of Worcester, England, somewhat exaggerated this difficulty, in describing a quarrel between two women, by her errors in grammar. Said she: "If her had hit her, her had a killed her, or her, her." The pronoun "which" is also somewhat troublesome, as in a description of the doings of a mad dog, where it is said that "he bit a horse on the leg, which has since died." This was bad for the leg, but leaves the reader in uncertainty as to the fate of the horse. A city paper also once related how, "during the celebration a child was run over, wearing a short red dress, which never spoke afterward."

It is not surprising that foreigners occasionally fail to catch all the delicate shades of meaning belonging to our words, and some of their mistakes are laughable. Of such a character was the remark of a Frenchman, who, finding that ferment meant "to work," said he loved to ferment in the garden; and of another who asked at a lawyer's office for a "shall," meaning a will. Still another said: "I love de horse, de sheep, de dog, de cat, in short every thing that is beastly." Shakespeare's line, "Out, brief candle," was translated literally by a Parisian author, "Get out, you short candle!" and the expression, "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword I will make my fortune cutting meat"—one of the meanings of carve being "to cut meat."

Double meanings of words sometimes render sentences ambiguous, and the uncertainty and surprise which result from a ludicrous incongruity or odd appropriateness of these two meanings is an effect

of wit which has become so common that there seems to be hardly a word in the language that has not been exposed to the assaults of punsters.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, whose recent works have deservedly placed him in the foremost rank of living historians, is a son of the late Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman, an eminent clergyman of the Unitarian denomination, and was born in Boston, September 16, 1823. From the age of eight to that of twelve years he lived on a farm belonging to his grandfather, in the interior of Massachusetts, in the immediate neighborhood of extensive tracts of wild land covered with woods, to his youthful rambles in which may perhaps be traced the formation of that strong taste for the life of the forest and the frontier which is so marked a characteristic of his writings, and has been so often exhibited in his personal history.

He entered Harvard College in 1840, and was graduated in 1844. His summer vacations were all spent in the Canadian forests, or on the lakes and rivers which separate Canada from the United States. On one of these occasions he passed a month in a boat on Lake George, studying with the utmost care all the points in that romantic region which have been made memorable by the battles and adventures of the old French wars. It was in these excursions that he laid the foundation of his unrivalled knowledge of the wilderness, and of the vast theatre on which France and England so long contended for the mastery of North America.

In November, 1843, while yet a student in college, he visited Europe, touching first at Gibraltar and then at Malta, and spending the winter in Sicily and Italy. In the spring he passed through Switzerland to Paris and London, and returned home in time to graduate with his class in the summer of 1844. During the next two years he studied law, but, not relishing the uncongenial profession, he abandoned it in 1846, and started to explore the then remote and little known region of the Rocky Mountains. He spent several months among the Dakota Indians, living in their lodges in a village on the high plains, between Mount Laramie and the range of the Medicine Bow, and accompanying them on their great yearly hunt. He visited also some of the still wilder and remoter tribes, and incurred fatigues and privations while among them, which permanently impaired his health, and made him an invalid for the rest of his life. An animated and picturesque account of this expedition was given in a series of articles in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which were published in a volume in 1849, under the title of "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life," and reissued subsequently by another publisher as "The California and Oregon Trail."

Even in his boyhood, we believe, Mr. Parkman had formed the design of writing the history of the rise and fall of the French dominion in America. He was attracted to this great subject not only by its momentous importance, which involved the political destiny of a continent and the supremacy on the one hand of Feudalism and Romanism, on the other of Democracy and Protestantism, but also by its eminently picturesque and romantic aspects. The history of the French and English contest in America is crowded with scenes of tragic interest, with marvels of suffering and vicissitude, of heroism and endurance. It is made illustrious by eminent men and saintly women, by great public events, and thrilling private adventures, and by the defeat and decay of the warlike tribes who once held undisputed sway from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the Great Lakes to the Mexican Gulf.

It is evident that other study than that of the closet was requisite to success in the task undertaken by Mr. Parkman. To portray the American forest and the American Indian with fidelity and force, it was indispensable to see them with his own eyes, and it was with this end in view that the future historian ranged the wild regions of the North and West, and by the camp-fire or in the canoe gained familiar acquaintance with the men and scenery of the wilderness. As he himself says, in beginning one of his histories: "The Indian is a true child of the forest and the desert. The wastes and solitudes of Nature are his congenial home. His haughty mind is imbued with the spirit of the wilderness, and the light of civilization falls on him with a blighting power. His unruly pride and untamed freedom are in harmony with the lonely mountains, cataracts, and rivers, among

which he dwells; and primitive America, with her savage scenery and savage men, opens to the imagination a boundless world, unmatched in wild sublimity."

Mr. Parkman's first work of his great historical series was, "The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," which was published in 1851. It relates the remarkable career of a great chief of the Ottawas, whose authority, a century ago, was almost despotic among the tribes north-west of the Ohio, and who was preëminently distinguished among the red-men by his courage, resolution, wisdom, address, and eloquence. The main subject of the work, however, was the last great struggle for existence of the Indians east of the Mississippi, and the war which they waged against the English colonists after the conquest of Canada. Of this war Pontiac was the instigator and the leader, and its unsuccessful issue resulted in his ruin, and finally in his tragic death.

This book exhibited Mr. Parkman's powers of research and his vast knowledge of Indian life and character, together with his brilliant and fascinating style, especially in describing woodcraft and scenery. It was received with high favor both at home and abroad, and was pronounced by competent judges to be the most satisfactory historical monograph that our literature had yet produced. The *Westminster Review* called it "an admirable production, combining thoroughness of research with picturesque beauty of expression, and presenting a fascinating narrative of one of the most pregnant episodes of American history."

In 1858-'59, Mr. Parkman made a second visit to Europe, chiefly for the purpose of examining the French and English archives of colonial history, and ten years later he spent the winter of 1868-'69 in the French capital in similar researches. The result of his labors was the publication, in rapid succession, of three more volumes of his series, under the following titles: "Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865); "Jesuits in North America" (1867); "Discovery of the Great West" (1869). The series will be completed in five or six more volumes, and will comprise a full narrative of the rise, progress, and fall of the French power in America, "a narrative which," an able critic in the *New-York World* says, "has all the animation, variety, and interest of a romance, and possesses in the largest measure the indispensable merit of thoroughness of research and faithful investigation of all sources of information."

The author himself says, in his introduction to one of his works: "The French dominion is a memory of the past; and, when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest,

mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us: an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness-oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nature, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

Mr. Parkman has gathered the materials for his works not only by personal observation of the scenes of his history, but by costly and

laborious researches in the manuscript archives of France and Canada. The difficulty of his task would have been immense to any one, even with perfect health and the use of all his bodily faculties; but, during the greater part of the time, Mr. Parkman has been an invalid, to whom mental exertion was forbidden by his physicians, and whose eyesight was so seriously impaired that for three years the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred. He has written his works by the aid of an amanuensis, and, by patience and energy of the most admirable order, has overcome obstacles far greater than those which impeded the labors of the historian Prescott, whose eyesight, though impaired, was still serviceable to him, and whose bodily health, in other respects, was



Francis Parkman.

better than that of most literary men.

In regard to Mr. Parkman's personal history, we have nothing to add except that, in 1850, he was married to Catherine, daughter of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, the eminent physician, of Boston. She died in 1858, leaving two surviving children. In winter, Mr. Parkman resides in Boston, and in summer at a country-seat in Jamaica Plain, one of the suburbs of that city, where he occupies himself a good deal with horticulture, in relation to which he published, in 1866, "The Book of Roses." His historical works have all been reprinted and widely circulated in England, where his reputation as a writer of the highest merit is perhaps more generally recognized than it has yet been in his own country. His next volume, we understand, will be devoted to the efforts of monarchy and feudalism, under Louis XIV., to establish a permanent power on this continent, and to the stormy career of the famous Count of Frontenac.

IRON SHIPS AND IRON SHIP-BUILDING.

THERE is now living in England, at a not extreme old age, a ship-builder who declared that the building of ships with iron was against Nature, and that he, for one, never would use that material. Whether he has used it, we are not informed; still, he has lived to see the use of wood as rare in that country in that business, as was iron, when he made the assertion. Like all new inventions which are radical improvements, the use of iron for ships' bottoms met with much opposition, was slow to come into use, and the details of its manufacture imperfect. Still, when we look at the fact that it was introduced in England; of the immense prejudices to be overcome; that it had, in a measure, to be forced upon an Admiralty and Board of Underwriters, and a people wedded to old ideas; that its use came in direct opposition to, and threw out of employment, a wealthy class of builders of wooden ships and their numerous workmen, and made necessary a new knowledge of construction in naval architecture, thus having arrayed against it all the prejudices of ignorance and interest, we cannot but wonder that the introduction has been so rapid. We may almost say that, viewing all these things, the progress of the use of iron for the building of ships has been without a parallel in the history of inventions.

We can well imagine the incredulous sneers with which the old-style shipwrights spoke of the possibility of making iron float, and what faint hopes the friends of the seamen who first took voyage in an iron ship had of ever seeing them again. And still, with what exultation the same ship-builders hailed the news that one iron ship had parted her seams in a gale and foundered at sea, and another, beached on the shore, had "hogged" and broken amidships! But the shrewd moneyed men soon found that the iron ships brought more cargo, and their average loss by shipwreck or otherwise was not even so great as the wooden vessels, while on the score of economy in construction they had greatly the advantage. Science, as it progressed, has made them still more safe by the introduction of bulkheads—at least an apparently new idea, certainly one never thought of in England, though familiar enough to that strange people who are behind us, yet ahead of us, who know so much and yet so little—the Chinese—who had, perhaps, for untold ages, used a similar construction in their vessels; they being divided into many compartments, all water-tight, wherein was stowed each trader's cargo separate. The introduction of the bulkhead system of construction marks an era in iron ship-building, and a vast step toward the perfection of safety in travelling by water. Numerous instances are quoted of vessels sailing hundreds of miles with one compartment filled with water, some with two, and we have ourselves seen an English steamer land her passengers and two-thirds of her cargo in New York perfectly safe and dry, when she had a hole in her bow through which one might have easily driven a horse and cart.

The great difficulty in the early history of iron ship-building was, to get a rating at Lloyds'. That conservative establishment, acting upon the motto, "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good," and, we might add, not be very anxious to take hold of any thing better, waited with great patience and still greater incredulity the result of the experiment of the first iron vessels. Even when their good qualities were proved, they gave way reluctantly, and their rating is yet more on matter than manner, quantity than quality. Defective, however, as it may be, we must make allowance for the fossilized ideas of some of our English brethren, especially when we reflect how that sleepy old Board must have been taken aback by the innovation.

Lloyds' register has existed about one hundred and ten years, having been commenced in 1760. It was a crude affair at first, but about 1810 became a permanent and recognized institution, with a fixed set of rules for rating and building. It is natural that they should have some pride of antiquity about them, and equally natural that some prejudices as to shapes and materials of vessels should enter into their regulations. It has now on its register over 13,000 vessels, representing over 6,000,000 tons' carrying capacity, and valued at over \$700,000,000 gold. It pays out in salaries over \$100,000 gold annually, and endeavors to employ the best talent for its uses. Their rating for iron vessels is, in brief: The iron must be capable of standing 20 tons' longitudinal strain per square inch. For vessels of 2,000 tons and over, the iron must range from $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ inches; for 1,000 to 2,000, from $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ inches; from 500 to 1,000, $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ inches in

thickness. Then there are specifications as to shape, rake, etc., position of iron of different thickness, interesting to no one but the practical ship-builder. Their highest rating is for twelve years.

This establishment has slowly been made to acknowledge that $\frac{1}{16}$ ths of an inch of iron is as strong as six inches of their boasted oak, even when the iron was dug from and manufactured on their own soil, and they must have as long a time to learn that an American iron of $\frac{1}{16}$ ths is at least of equal strength, and entitled to the same rating as the English $\frac{1}{16}$ ths. This question, of allowing a different thickness on account of greater strength, is of immense importance to Americans, as ships built of our iron, equally as strong or stronger than the English, might be made of plates at least $\frac{1}{16}$ th less in thickness, hence would be that much lighter, and carry equivalently as much more cargo. But the influence of the English Lloyds extends over the whole world; thus even our own insurance companies follow their behests, and any ship-owner, who dare transgress their rules, would find his ship rated down here as well as abroad, and his insurance rates raised, notwithstanding he might build her of iron standing a strain of 75,000 lbs. to the square inch. This state of affairs is not so especially applicable to vessels in our coasting-trade.

The first iron vessels, of which we have any definite record, were employed as canal-boats in 1812, though it has been asserted that a boat, constructed of iron, was used on the Severn in 1789. In 1822 a vessel was built of iron, and run from London to Brest, navigated by Admiral Napier. In 1830, iron steamboats were introduced on nearly all the English canals, with paddle-wheels recessed in the stern; but the first to take a long sea-voyage was built at Liverpool, by Jackson and Gordon, for Cairns and Co., and launched October 17, 1838. She was named *The Ironsides*, and measured 271 tons' burden. She sailed to Rio de Janeiro and returned safely, with cargo dry. This experiment was soon followed by others. Until 1844, the only rating given them by Lloyds was, "built of iron;" from that date to 1854 they were rated "A1 for six years, built of iron;" in that year rules were adopted, which exist, as then, with some few alterations. We have above stated the principal points of these rules.

Among the first and most persevering builders of iron ships was Fairbairn; and his successors, the Lairds, still continue the business. He states that he built one hundred iron vessels, most of them at a loss, and saw them all successfully sailing on the ocean, before the Lloyds and Admiralty were willing to admit the success of iron as a material for ship-building.

The first ships were built by bringing both edges of the iron flush to each other, strengthened by a narrow plate inside the seam. This was soon abandoned for a system of lapping one edge of the plate over the next under, as in ordinary weather-boarding or slate-roofing. This is used by some yet, but has been almost entirely superseded for a system of alternate lapping, every other plate resting over the edges of its neighbor. Some have gone back to the original idea, because of the smooth bottom it makes; but it is the almost unanimous opinion of ship-builders that strength is thus sacrificed to beauty and increased cost. Framing is used as in wooden ships—some using transverse and some longitudinal framing, most a combination of both. The ribs rise in one solid piece, from keel to deck-sides, are usually inverted \perp shape, or square \sqsubset placed sideways, or thus \sqcup , sometimes an L. These shapes are preferred.

The theory of iron ship-building is in brief this: A stick of timber, of a given size and length, weighing just a ton, will displace so much water and float; make a water-tight box of iron, the same size of the timber, so constructed as to also weigh just a ton, and it will also float, and displace the same quantity of water. Hence, it will carry just as much weight as the timber; then make your box the same size, but weighing only half a ton, and you find that it will sustain the other half-ton weight in cargo. Therefore, as iron is ten times stronger than oak, or other ship-timber, it may be made ten times thinner, relatively lighter, and more buoyant. This simple experiment is the basis of iron ship-building, and, in itself, overcomes all the ignorance and the prejudice against the use of that metal. The only question was to determine shapes, and machines to work into the requisite shapes.

Mr. Scott Russell says, to make a good iron ship-builder, a man should be a good mathematician, a mechanic, and at least a theoretical naval architect; next, he should be a mechanical engineer, thoroughly understanding the different grades, qualities, and character-

istics of iron, and also should have gone through with and understand practically every detail of the business. As a large part of the work in iron ship-building belongs to the machinist's and blacksmith's trade, the construction of such vessels was taken up by the same persons who built the machinery for steamers—the engine and machine ship-owners; and such must be the case here for successful and economical work.

Steel has also been used in England as a material for boat-building; and, where extremely light draught is required, has very decided advantage over iron, though much more expensive. The Lloyds reduce the thickness one-quarter of an inch for vessels built of steel. Another style of boat, lately introduced, but not likely to become very general, is called the composite, being composed of iron framing and wood planking. The only advantage claimed for it is, that the bottom may be coppered, but even then that metal has been found to act on the iron ribs and bolts.

Tonnage is not what weight a ship can carry, but, by English law, is the space she has, counting 100 cubic feet to a ton. Builders' tonnage is to multiply the length and breadth, then this by one-half the breadth, and divide this product by 94. The cost of building iron vessels in England is from £18 to £30 per ton, with an additional cost for steamers of £45 to £55 per horse-power. The materials there are considered to be about three times the cost of the labor. Mr. Scott Russell thinks a vessel should have one ton of tonnage for every mile of the journey she is to perform. His very perfectly-proportioned steamer, the Great Eastern, of 18,915 tons, might have gone down to futurity as a magnificent failure, but for the grand work in which she is now engaged. Mr. Russell thinks, too, that a ship should have as many as seven breadths in her length. There is no doubt but local causes, and the character of freight to be carried, must influence these proportions. Where speed is a desideratum, as in a passenger-steamer, a narrow, long, shallow steamer is undoubtedly best.

In France it is stated that the cost of building is about the same as in England. As to the profits, it is stated that one company on the Tyne cleared 30 per cent. on its capital, in 1867, and declared a dividend of 12½ per cent. On the Clyde, the business is increasing, as also the number of firms. That river is now the chief seat of iron ship-building, and we append a statement of the work done there;

| | Vessels of all kinds. | Tonnage. |
|---------------------|-----------------------|----------|
| In 1863 | 170 | 124,000 |
| " 1864 | 220 | 184,000 |
| " 1865 | 267 | 158,800 |
| " 1866 | 247 | 129,989 |
| " 1867 | 241 | 114,598 |
| Orders, end of 1867 | 130 | 115,124 |

Of those in 1867, only 32 were wood and composite.

On the Mersey, in 1867, there were 44 iron vessels built, tonnage of 40,564, and 10 on the stocks; also 35 large iron barges built and 4 small composite vessels. On the Tyne, in 1867, there were 81 iron vessels built, tonnage 31,075. We have no exact statement of later date but the broad one that there was no decrease during 1868, and that the trade is still brisk, as of late years.

In the United States, the first iron boat was, we believe, built at Boston, to run from that port to Portland. So far, but two sailing-vessels of iron have been built: one in Boston, the other at Wilmington, Delaware. At the latter place, and Chester, Pennsylvania, have been built nearly all the iron boats of this country—most of them river steamboats and coasting steamers. The largest and only ocean steamers built were constructed at the Novelty Works, in New York City. The business is rapidly growing in this country, as the number of vessels on the stocks and contracted for at Wilmington and Chester will attest. It is probable that, in those places, iron vessels can be built cheaper than in New York or Boston; that the Delaware and the Alleghany may be to this country what the Mersey and the Clyde are to England. We say the Alleghany, because we think that in time the wooden hull of our Mississippi palaces will be supplanted by the lighter and stronger iron. In a close calculation of cost, the saving in transportation of coal and iron must tell; and, too, there is, no doubt, much greater ease in controlling labor there than in the immediate limits of a large city. As the ship-building trade has left London, and is gradually concentrating around the great coal and iron centres—the Tyne, the Mersey, and the Clyde—the last having an acknowledged advantage over the others—so we may assume that the

future ship-building of this country will be carried on nearest to its great coal and iron centre.

As to quality, no better ships than those built at Wilmington and Chester have ever floated in English waters—but few as good; and, as respects models for economy of fuel and great carrying-room, none ever were built by any nation superior to those of a line which takes a weekly departure from an East River pier to a Southern port. During the war, monitors and iron-clads were built at various places, but, as these boats were all heavy wooden frames, iron plated a few feet only, they hardly belong to the legitimate class of iron-built vessels.

We are assured that iron vessels can be built on the Delaware for about five per cent. more than in England—that such is the contract price for a number now on the stocks; while, could we get credit for the greater strength of our iron, they would rank one-third higher than English built.

The advantages of iron vessels are their strength, buoyancy, greater tonnage to given draught of water, and easier storage of cargo. The great disadvantage is, the action of salt water on the bottom—no paint or covering having yet been found which, at the same time, protects the iron from rust, and prevents the incrustation of barnacles and growth of grass. A list of the numerous compounds which have been patented for this purpose, and found almost utterly useless, would fill pages. But, even with this very great obstacle, the use of iron for the building of ships is every day increasing, even to such an extent that we may see in our port, vessels whose cabin only is of wood—masts, spars, and rigging all iron—and some with the decking also of that material. The advantage of these latter uses of the universal metal is not yet so evident, nor likely to become, for some time, so general as its use for the construction of the hulls. One of the ablest and most efficient constructors in our Navy but a few days since remarked to us, "We have never yet built an iron vessel in any of our yards, and some have their doubts as to them; but, sir, we have got to come to it, we have got to come to it."

TWO PAINTERS—HENRI LEHMANN AND RUDOLPH LEHMANN.

IT is interesting to witness the same aptitude in the members of one family; and, although we seldom hear of two brothers alike gifted with the rare faculty of poetic expression, we have been called to notice that brothers often manifest a similar, if not equal, talent for painting. Ary and Henry Scheffer, Rosa and Auguste Bonheur, are examples of a like talent in kindred; and hardly less illustrious are the brothers Henri and Rudolph Lehmann.

The elder brother, Henri, is a very distinguished French artist. Both are of German origin. Rudolph Lehmann was born in Hamburg, in 1819, and was first a student of painting under his father, then under his celebrated brother, and after the latter he has made a name of much worth. Most of his subjects are Italian, the form and sentiment of life in that dreamy country affording him material most in harmony with his pure and gracious talent.

Henri Lehmann, born in 1814, at Kiel, is a painter second only to Ary Scheffer. He began with the strongest men of the modern French school—with Ingres, Delacroix, Scheffer, and Delaroche—and he has always maintained himself at the level of the most conscientious art and the best criticism. He comes directly from Ingres by his style, and with Ingres he made the study of the *brin* his chief care. His point of departure from the spirit of Ingres's work is in his sentiment, which establishes his relation with Scheffer. He is not a typical artist, but, for that very reason, far less likely to provoke the hostility and depreciation which always accompany the development of a representative and pronounced talent. He is so studied, so conscientious—he is such a fine draughtsman, and so finished in his manner—that he has never been exposed to the criticism which made a noise of words, words, words, about the great name of Delacroix, and left the correct and interesting Delaroche undisturbed. Lehmann and Delaroche were fellow-students under Ingres; but in Lehmann and Ingres classicism was grafted on German mysticism, and it is this union of the positive classic with the poetic sentiment of the North which makes many of his works as strange as they are lovely.

Lehmann often gleaned after Delacroix and Scheffer. He followed both in German and English poetry, painting a "Hamlet" after Delacroix, painting a "Mignon" after Scheffer. His "Hamlet" is de

scribed as elegant and contemplative. Greek tragedies and myths, and Jewish and Catholic legends, have afforded subjects to this most accomplished and indefatigable artist. His portraits are celebrated, and rival those by Ingres and Flandrin. His portrait of the Princess Belgiojoso is one of the most remarkable of modern portrait-studies, and has been characterized as a striking and studied work. But color is so little sought for, and so little felt, by the painter, that the effect of the head is described as unreal—as a head in moonlight, or as seen in dreams—and it is on this side of elegant and exquisite *fantaisie* that Henri Lehmann has been at once the most charming artist, while to some he has seemed feeble in his hold upon Nature. His portrait of List is equally celebrated with his portrait of the Princess Belgiojoso, and ranks with Flandrin's best heads. It has been called "a very rare creation, and surprisingly beautiful," by one of the best French critics.

Of late years, Lehmann's style, formed in Rome under Ingres, has changed somewhat; it has lost its pallor and strangeness—the charm of his work to some of his admirers—and has become suffused with color. Edmond About says, it is now warm, like the best examples of Léopold Robert. But we may add that Robert was hardly a colorist, and that what About calls warmth a Venetian probably would call rankly hot.

Lehmann's large picture in the *Salon* of 1864, entitled "Repose," is described as follows:

"His great canvas of 'Repose' is one of the most complete works of the master. Never, I believe, has Flandrin better shown with what splendor and with what nobility art can invest the humblest personages and the most modest subjects. He throws upon a heap of rags a pifferaro and an Italian peasant-woman. What could be more simple and less sought after? Yet of that group, which would smell bad under the brush of a realist, he evokes all the beauty, all the nobility, all the grandeur, all the poetry, all the qualities, of the great Italian people. Some fault may be found with his excessive care for distinction, and his superabundance of style; but these are defects with which I dare not find fault—they have become so rare in our day."

Henri Lehmann has received all the medals—first, second, and third class—as historical painter and as portrait-painter; and he has been intrusted with decoration of churches, and is spoken of as the one painter best fitted by talent and training to complete what Flandrin left unfinished.

It is worth while to remark that Lehmann is an artist whose talent would have languished in this country, an artist who needed every thing that we lack—all the training that comes from the study of the past, and all the support which is necessary to a man who does not share the life of his time, but lives with his ideal, and works in a spirit foreign to our every-day existence.

INFIRMITIES OF SPEECH.

SPEECH is the common coin current in the ordinary intercourse of life, as well as the bills of exchange drawn by eloquence, poetry, or philosophy, upon the human mind. It gives outward form to the grandest or most trivial mental conceptions. By means of it we scold our children, say sweet and tender nothings, haggle at bargains, express our joy, or sorrow, or anger, our love, and our reverence. With one and the same voice "we bless God even the Father, and curse man even our brother." Without it no pleasant thing could be said, no just uttered, no comforting word to the afflicted, no bitter, harsh judgment; all evil and good expression would be alike impossible.

For its production there must be a memory of words, so that we may know what to say, and, what is not less important, complete subjection of the tongue, so that it may do the bidding of the brain—giving an outward tangible form to the mental conception. Of the two, memory is the most unreliable, and sometimes plays fantastic tricks. It very often refuses any reply when the mind calls upon it to give a name or a date, or it forgets a certain class of words entirely—all the nouns or verbs perhaps—or it may only remember oaths, or, what is much more rare, only pious ejaculations. Sometimes it slyly slips a wrong word into one's speech, and compels the tongue to utter what the mind did not intend to say. It is said that an intelligent French lady was in the habit of addressing her visitors, with a remark-

ably sweet and genial expression of countenance, something as follows: "Pig, animal, stupid fool, get out of the house!" and yet was very much shocked at the precipitate departure of her guests. For she intended to say: "My esteemed friends, pray be seated;" but her treacherous memory substituted these outrageous expressions. Sometimes the memory takes a nap, and forgets even the name of its luckless possessor, as in the case of a Scotch judge who was obliged to send for a servant to ascertain his own name when he was about to sign some legal document. The story is told of a distinguished statesman in Europe, that previous to taking a walk he would summon a servant and say: "Bring me my—my—my—" "Hat?" "Yes, bring me my hat. And my—my—" "Cane?" "Yes, cane." But he could never speak the name of any article in the room without being prompted in this school-boy fashion. Yet he wrote long papers, and delivered official opinions without the slightest hesitation of speech or failure of memory. Examples of these lapses of memory in the matter of names and numbers are quite common.

Only a few days ago an old lady of our acquaintance was endeavoring to tell something about the eclipse of 1806. She said: "I once saw an—you know—when it gets dark—" "An eclipse?" "Oh, yes, an eclipse. I was about—years old." "Three years old?" "No, more than that." "Five years old?" "I can't tell the number, but it was one more." "Six years old?" "Yes, I was six years old.—Went to roost—you know, with feathers on them." "Chickens?" "Yes, chickens went to roost." And so this rather fragmentary conversation went on to the end, in its vain endeavor to remember names and recall dates.

Then, too, there is very often an entire forgetting of all words except those expressing strong emotions, as oaths or exclamatory phrases. A Frenchman once, after an attack of apoplexy, remembered nothing except the word "*garçon*," which he repeated on all occasions, and apparently without any consciousness that it did not constitute a perfectly relevant answer to any question which was put to him. It was a sad caricature of the old childish game of "I am an old bachelor going to keep house, what will you give me?"—the fun of the game consisting in the invariable utterance of the same word in answer to all possible questions. Another excellent man was tyrannically compelled by his memory to add, to every sentence he uttered, the words, "The Holy Ghost the Comforter," oftentimes with a painfully ludicrous effect; and yet he was a man of deep religious feeling, and was much troubled by this habit.

As before stated, in addition to a perfect memory there must be an understanding between the brain and the various muscles of the tongue, so that the two may act in concert for the production of intelligible words. When they do not act together the unfortunate victim of their disagreement is in a condition similar to those boys at school who declare that "they know, but can't tell." A good example was lately furnished by a boy who lost his speech from an attack of fever. He understood perfectly every thing that was said to him, and could make figures upon his slate in answer to questions concerning numbers, but could not utter a single word, nor write a solitary letter. The golden cord connecting brain-action with outward speech was severed, and that, too, without any paralysis of the muscles of the tongue. This continued several months, and suddenly passed away. The veil between the mind and the world around was rent in twain; and thought became speech once more. An inmate of a hospital in Paris, for more than twenty years, was only able to utter the unmeaning syllable "tan, tan," in answer to all inquiries. Yet he was very intelligent, and his memory of incidents, facts, and dates, seemed unimpaired for the first seventeen years of his residence there. In the majority of cases in which the faculty of expression is interfered with, there is loss of both memory and command of the tongue.

The unfortunate man cannot conceive in words what he wishes to say, nor can he repeat the words previously uttered by another. Still his voice is unimpaired, and his tongue moves readily in every direction. His brain is at fault. He has lost the power of thinking in words. Without entering upon those details which are of interest to the physiologist alone, it may simply be stated that a change of structure has taken place in the brain whereby it has lost its ability to express ideas. It can think as readily as ever when the thought is not to be expressed in words, but only relates to numbers or objects, as in the case of the boy above mentioned, who could indicate numbers by setting down marks upon a slate, but could not speak them, or write any word expressing them. Of necessity, then, all

power of abstract thought is destroyed, for, in carrying it on, the mind has to deal with words solely as the representatives of ideas.

Wherever it has been possible to examine after death the brains of those suffering from this loss of articulate speech, it has been found that the *left side* had invariably received the injury. We are, therefore, led to consider the left hemisphere of the brain to be the seat of articulate speech, and that through this part alone thoughts get out into the world. For no case is recorded in which an injury to the *right hemisphere* of the brain caused loss of speech.

Does it, then, follow that phrenology is right in locating the different faculties of the mind in distinct quarters of the brain? Not in this instance, at least. Because, according to the teachings of phrenology, the whole anterior lobe of the brain upon *both sides* is essential to the production of speech, while we have just stated that only the *left side* is necessary, and no special part of that. When memory alone is impaired, the seat of the injury to the brain cannot be so accurately pointed out. Memory seems to be the act of the whole mind, although some of its phenomena lend countenance to the notion that a particular portion is set apart to the duty of recording passing events, like John Bunyan's Mr. Recorder, who held high office in the town of Mansoul. For example, I fail to remember a name or a date, and my attention being turned to something else, I think no more about it. Yet some time after, perhaps an hour or a day, without ever recurring to the matter again, I suddenly remember the date I had forgotten—simply because memory, independently of the other faculties of the mind, has been at work hunting out the old records in the dusty vaults of the brain. May we not, then, divide the brain into separate compartments, each under the control of some single faculty of the mind, but obliged to report as soon as may be to the intellect—the executive centre? Thus we might have the faculty of memory located in one part of the brain, and the faculty of speech in another. These two parts of the brain may be alike diseased, or either one may be affected separately, so that loss of speech either with or without impairment of memory may result. But however plausible this may be in theory, and there seems much in favor of this view, it has not yet been possible to give the faculty of memory a local habitation and a place in the brain. Possibly this may be done when the study of mental science in its relations to cerebral structure receives that attention which it demands, but which has hitherto been too much neglected by psychologists. At present, then, we must, from lack of positive knowledge to the contrary, consider memory a function of the whole mind, like thought or reason, but speech—the outward manifestation of these three mental functions—to be the product of the left hemisphere of the brain alone. Here, then, may be located the executive power of the mind—the force which communicates the acts of reason and volition to the world at large.

TABLE-TALK.

THE annual crop of Christmas ghost-stories in England, this winter, has produced two or three good ones. First, we have an account, communicated to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of one of the least conventional ghosts we ever heard of—namely, "a cylindrical figure like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of a man's arm, hovering between the ceiling and the table. Its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, like the gathering of a summer cloud, and incessantly rolling and mingling within the cylinder." This singular spectre appeared in the Jewel-House in the Tower, on a Saturday night in the month of October, 1817, and the person who beheld it, and who still lives to guarantee the story, is Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swifte, a gentleman who at that period was keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower. The horrid bottle passed behind Mrs. Swifte as she sat beside her husband at table, and she instantly crouched down, and, with both hands covering her shoulders, shrieked out, "Oh, Christ! It has seized me!"—"Even now while writing," adds Mr. Swifte, "I feel the fresh horror of the moment."

A better story than this, however, is narrated by a lady who is vouched for as a very sensible and unimaginative person, and who was herself in childhood the witness of the apparition. It is as follows: A husband, who had led his wife into skepticism of many other things besides ghosts, promised her, when he was dying, that if he had misguidedly led her to show that the dead still have existence. Some time afterward the widow went to visit at the house

of a friend, and requested that her little daughter, seven years old, should sleep in her bed. At night the child awoke, and saw the lady's husband (of whose death she had no knowledge) standing at the foot of the bed, and looking intently at his wife. The child tried to waken the sleeping lady, but failed to do so, and after a time the spectre passed into the adjoining dressing-room. In the morning, when the child awoke, she found that her friend had already gone down-stairs, so she ran alone into the dressing-room to seek the gentleman, firmly persuaded she had seen him, expecting him, as usual, to have brought her a present. Of course he was not there, and, going to find the widow, she asked her "where Mr. C— was gone?" The poor lady wildly demanded an explanation; and when the child told her of the scene by her bedside, she was utterly overcome. The child's vision seemed to her more satisfactory than her own sight of the dead could have been, seeing that her excited imagination might have deceived her, whereas the child, not even knowing her old friend was dead, had no fancies or expectations liable to produce illusion.

A curious case of the apparition of a living person is recorded as occurring not long ago at Clifton. A lady and her husband were walking among the fields beyond the Downs. Suddenly both observed a figure resembling the wife's brother walking hastily toward them, and the wife exclaimed, "Good Heavens! there is Charley." Charley was an officer then in India. The figure approached still nearer, and then lightly leaped on a bank, as if to join his sister and brother-in-law. At that instant it vanished from their sight. The lady was so impressed with the vision that she wrote down an account of it immediately on returning home, and waited with great trepidation for news from India. The mail brought her a letter from her brother dated the day after her singular vision, and containing the remark: "I saw you quite clearly in a dream last night. You were walking in a path with J—, and I ran to meet you, and jumped over a fence to join you, but at that moment, unluckily, I awoke."

—The London *Saturday Review* prints an interesting article on "The Physical Basis of Oratory," in which the writer attempts to prove that natural gifts and rhetorical arts are of small avail if they do not rest on certain physical attributes. He cites Mr. Bright, whose "presence fills the eye as his voice fills the ear," as an illustration of his theory, and informs us that not only does half the battle lie in physical advantages—that is, in the robustness and massiveness of the orator—but that these qualities go a long way in historic reminiscence:

"Readers of Mr. Carlyle's 'French Revolution' can see that the lion-roar of Mirabeau and the voice of Danton reverberating in the roof have had a good deal to do with the place which he has assigned them among his heroes and half-divine men. On the other hand, the shrill treble of the Abbé Siéyes and the thin pipe of the incorruptible Sen-Green have aggravated his scorn of the men of formulas. A small O'Connell would not have been O'Connell. If Mr. John Stuart Mill's shoulders had been half a foot broader, and his chest a couple of inches deeper, he probably would still be member for Westminster, and might have rivalled the great Beales himself on platforms and in Trafalgar Square. Of course, when a man impersonates the idea or fanaticism of a nation or of an age, physical disadvantages are of little account. A tenderness is felt for the fragile vessel which holds the inestimable treasure. So Robespierre's words were hung upon in the hall of the Jacobins. So even Lord John Russell was a popular hero in the days of the first Reform Bill. Sydney Smith, indeed, tells us that Lord John's smallness was a subject of much mortification and some complaint among the farmers of Devonshire when he asked for their votes. They had expected to see a son of Anak, and were disappointed with the reduced scale of humanity which was paraded before them."

Our readers will naturally run over the list of our own orators, to see how far a physical basis has been necessary to their success. Messrs. Beecher and Chapin are probably the most popular of our pulpit orators, and these gentlemen possess all that breadth and robustness which the writer in the *Review* thinks necessary. Webster, better probably than any orator of modern times, had a presence which filled the eye; but his great rivals, Clay and Calhoun, while men of good presence, were without either robustness or massiveness. The younger Adams, known so generally by the sobriquet of the "Old Man Eloquent," also lacked notable physical qualities, and Randolph utterly excluded the idea of physical force. Patrick Henry was a man of very ordinary appearance. Sumner has a commanding presence, but Alexander H. Stephens, the most fervent of living Southern orators, is notoriously diminutive. As in the anecdote, cited above, of Lord

John Russell, whose smallness was a matter of surprise and mortification to the farmers of Devonshire, Mr. Stephens's constituents were often amazed and disgusted at his wonderfully slight figure, his weight, it is said, being only ninety-four pounds. "And is that Alexander H. Stephens?" exclaimed a huge, broad-shouldered mountaineer, on one occasion, as the great Southerner stepped forward to address an assembly of citizens; "by the lord, just grease him behind the ears, and I could swallow him whole!" The quick-witted Georgian overheard this comment, and, addressing the speaker, said: "No doubt you could, my friend; and, if you did, you'd have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head!" Douglas, it will be remembered, was always called the "Little Giant;" but Douglas, while short in stature, was not without a certain massiveness. There can be no question but that a physical presence is of great advantage to an orator; but the real foundation of success is in temperament, or in that magnetic force by which the speaker communicates his own fire to his hearers.

"An accident!" exclaims an eccentric character in a recent novel; "premeditated crime is respectable by the side of accident! It looks like brains. But an accident! ruin a man out of sheer stupidity! spoil fame and fortune for a man from mere neglect! Confound it, I say. I have no patience with accidents. I've had two compound fractures from accident. I've been crushed, tumbled, squeezed, dropped, flattened, battered, all by accident—and never had a pin-prick from downright malice in my life. My respects to downright malice!" There is no doubt but that the speaker, albeit a little rattle-brained, is pretty nearly in the right. That ubiquitous imp, "Didn't-mean-to," is always doing the world vast harm, carrying death, destruction, calamity, ruin, into a thousand communities, while "Mean-to," with all the disposition in the world to do harm, stands impotently waiting for opportunity or means. It is the carelessness of our good-wishers, rather than the malice of our enemies, that we have to fear; and hence it is a waste of rhetoric to mourn over the heartlessness, the selfishness, or the iniquity of the world, so long as these evils endanger our well-being far less than the thoughtless good-nature which practically is so potent for mischief. Very few of us can recall any special misfortune as having arisen from the malice of people; but how full the world is of the consequences of heedlessness! "Didn't-mean-to" has cast ships into the bottom of the sea, tumbled railway-trains over precipices, sent thousands of souls to sudden reckoning by boiler-explosions, filled coal-mines with devastation and death, let loose the tongue of flame amid warehouses and homes, scattered the seeds of epidemic; it has done more evil than earthquake or storm, more than cold or heat or lightning, more than famine or war. It is the great cause of distress, the prolific source of annoyance and misfortune, the great disturber of the world. It is an enemy we cannot guard against. It often appreciates us when it ruins us. It is an unlooked-for enemy at our own fireside; it often sleeps in our bosom; it may caress and love us; it will drink and make merry with us. While usually harmless Malice is shut out of our doors, "Didn't-mean-to," in the abundance of friendship, sits at our hearth-stone to undo us. The imp has many names; but, whether known as Accident, Blunder, Didn't-know, Didn't-see, Didn't-think, Meant-to-have-done, Oh-I-forgot, or other euphemisms, the world had better, for its own safety, pay its "respects to downright malice" than to continue to suffer by failing to recognize "Didn't-mean-to" at once as our enemy, under whatever smooth name it may hide itself, and treat it as such.

"There once was a weathercock," says an old tradition, "that swore by the east and swore by the west, that it was master of all the winds that blow." There is many a politician indulging in a similar error to this. Because he indexes, as it were, the shifting currents of public opinion, because he shows which way popular ideas are setting, he is prone to imagine that he is the cause rather than the effect of these manifestations. But, in truth, how little does a politician, even if he rise to the rank of statesman, control political or social events! At best our leading public men are but recorders, who set down what the forces of civilization impel them to do, and who but act as agents for those powers and ideas that are generating, fructifying, and maturing in the great multitude. Public men sometimes retard advancement by not understanding what is at work in society, as a weathercock may fail to obey the currents of wind by being a little rusty; but public men rarely or never carry forward ideas, or admin-

istrate affairs in advance of the intelligence of the people. Philosophers and economists sometimes, in their closets, detect principles, or work out theories which throw a new light on the organization of society, or give a new impulse to the development of civilization, but statesmen, busy with a vain attempt to regulate affairs, never do this. The only good legislation has ever done, according to Buckle, has been in undoing this year the mischief it did last—by simply learning to let alone. If we could only do away with politicians and statesmen altogether; if we could subordinate government to a police; if we could say to all these political powers that so persistently interfere with us, "Hands off," then we might hope for the millennium. The great cry of all the world now is, to be let alone—to be freed from excessive and tormenting governmental interference—to be rid of politicians and statesmen, and be allowed to use its energies according to its own instincts and impulses, without bands and gussets to restrain them, without outside powers to regulate them. When the world discovers that a politician is far from being as important as a policeman, and that all we want of government is to maintain order—that a statesman is only somebody trying to adjust affairs that, if left to themselves, are supremely well self-adjusted—when all this is discerned and acted upon, then will the untrammelled energies of the people accomplish wonders!

Mr. Bellows's "Quiet Nook"—the reader will please consult the accompanying steel engraving—is a delicious rural idyl which must call up pleasant memories, or awaken old longings, in the hearts of all who look upon it. One thinks of Bryant's pleasant lines to "Green River," which seem so well to fit the picture that we surmise the painter must have had the lines of the poet before him, as he worked the charming scene into the canvas:

"Fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely, save when, by the rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee."

And, while the fidelity of this description is recognized, the hush and beauty and strange sweetness of the scene must fill the heart with some such longings as the poet proceeds to describe:

"That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that Fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream as its glides along,
Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song."

Mr. Fechter, as an actor, continues a subject of discussion in art and literary circles. The number of his admirers increases daily but there are still a few who obstinately deny him any conspicuous merit. His style wins upon people, however; once used to the peculiarities of his accent, and we discover the beauties of his acting. Coleridge said that every writer, in so far as he is truly original, has to create the taste to enjoy him. This, being true in literature, is also true in art. Besides, Mr. Fechter's art is so consummate as not to be apparent to ordinary observation, while the characters in which he has appeared so far, scarcely afford opportunities for what may be called great acting—supposing great acting to be something more than a mere effective presentation of the passions. Of course it can only be more than this by a certain skill in delineating a conflict of passions, and by illustrating subtleties of character. No doubt Ruy Blas and Lagardere, in which we have now seen Mr. Fechter, are very easily understood, but it is not in the power of actors ordinarily to present even simple portraiture with sustained and masterly effect. Mr. Fechter's style unites perfect simplicity with an intensity and glow that our stage is assuredly unused to. We are so familiar with the stilted methods of the actors; so used to balanced, elaborated, syllabic declamation, that the fervid and apparently unstudied utterance of Mr. Fechter seems

too much a mere matter of course to be art or genius. And yet it is both. What is art but masterly completeness, and what is genius but divine fire? Possibly, after Fechter has acted Hamlet, we may say that he is only a good, stirring, melodramatic actor; but this is something; and, even if Hamlet prove a disappointment, we shall rejoice at the opportunity of having seen two such vivid and beautiful histrionic pictures as those of Ruy Blas and Lagardere.

Scientific Notes.

IT has been found that, in all parts of the world, arable land contains traces of phosphorus and magnesia, and various speculations have been hazarded as to the probable origin of these substances. M. Reichenbach, who has given much attention to the subject of shooting-stars, has concluded that they constitute the source; and, seeing that the metallic dust accruing from the combustion of meteorites and shooting-stars must have been rained upon the earth for myriads of years, it can hardly be doubted that the components of these bodies must be found widely diffused in the soil. To test the validity of this hypothesis, M. Reichenbach analyzed earth obtained from the tops of different mountains never before trodden by the foot of man, to ascertain if it contained nickel or cobalt, which are common constituents of meteors, and he found those metals to be generally present.

Those who have read Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," doubtless remember the exploits therein related, of a wizard who, by means of a marvellous powder, made the face or figure of any person appear upon a white sheet of paper. A Dax has just discovered the wizard's secret, and applied it to children's games of surprise, which have been a source of delight and mystification to the juvenile portion of the community, during the recent holidays. Any face, figure, or engraving, may be printed with white varnish upon the paper, over which a peculiar kind of powder is sprinkled, which effectually conceals the object from the naked eye. On removing the powder, which is easily rubbed off, the face, figure, or object called for, appears instantaneously upon the paper, and is well calculated to excite the wonder and astonishment of children.

The French papers report the death of an electrical child, aged ten months, at St. Urbain, near Lyons. This interesting but inconvenient infant was, it is stated, so endowed with electricity that nobody could enter the room where it was without receiving constant electric shocks. It is stated to have passed away painlessly, so far as it was concerned itself; but there is reason to fear that the survivors who attended it must have suffered much, for it is affirmed by the doctors that at the instant of death luminous effluvia proceeded from its body, and continued for several minutes after its decease. The *Medical Times and Gazette*, alluding to the case, says that it is supposed to be quite unprecedented in the world of science.

A committee has been formed at Leipsic to collect funds for the purchase of the celebrated museum of the late Dr. Klemm, of Dresden. This museum consists of some fourteen thousand admirably-arranged objects, illustrative of what is known in Germany as the history of civilization. Should the committee succeed in raising sufficient money to attain their purpose, the collection will be handed over to the University of Leipsic, on condition that it is made available for all classes of society. In consideration of the scientific importance of keeping together such a collection as this, the representatives of Dr. Klemm are willing to sell it to the committee for the moderate sum of ten thousand thalers.

The water-power of Maine, derived from the rivers and streams, is estimated, by an official report, at between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 horsepower. The approximate area of the lakes, ponds, and rivers of the State is placed at 3,300 square miles, and the area of forests at 21,000 square miles. Maine, it is asserted, has 1,568 lakes, more in proportion to its size than any other country of the globe, with few exceptions, and 1,229,300,000 cubic feet of water are annually delivered by her rivers.

M. Ziurek calls attention, in *Dingler's Polytechnic Journal*, to the fact that water, kept in small reservoirs made of zinc or collected from roofs covered with zinc, is invariably contaminated with that metal; and that the use of such water for domestic purposes is highly injurious to health. The author recommends that where zinc vessels are used for the purpose indicated, they should be painted over with asphalt varnish or any iron pigment.

The Paris *Cosmos* states that a material which can be pressed into the form of combs, buttons, knife-handles, etc., may be made from leather scraps by cutting them into small pieces, and keeping them for several

days in chloride of sulphur. In this way they become hard and brittle. After being washed, they are dried, ground to powder, and mixed with glue, or a solution of gum-arabic, or any other adhesive substance, when the mixture is ready for the moulds.

By recent advices from the Cape of Good Hope, we learn that an enormous aerolite burst with a terrific explosion over the heights of Table Mountain, on the 27th of November last, which threw the inhabitants into a state of consternation, within a circumference of twenty-five miles. It is reckoned by competent authorities to be one of the most extraordinary meteoric falls on record.

According to the *Frankfort Zeitung*, an important discovery has been made by Herr Kircher, of Wurtemberg, of a new printing-ink. The essential part of the discovery is, that, by a peculiar process, the ink can be completely removed from the surface of the paper at a cost of half a dollar for every hundred pounds of printed paper, and the material is then ready for use again.

Miscellany.

A Strange Sea-monster.

ONE of the most curious and detailed accounts on record of the appearance of a strange sea-monster, supposed to be a merman, was published in the "Mémoires de Trévoux," in the early part of the last century, in a communication written from Brest. The writer says: "The wind being easterly, we had thirty fathoms of water, when, at ten o'clock in the morning, a sea-monster like a man appeared near our ship, first on the larboard, where the master was, whose name is William Lomone, who took a grappling-iron to pull him up; but our captain, named Oliver Morin, hindered him, being afraid that the monster would drag him away into the sea. The said Lomone struck him on the back, to make him turn about, that he might view him the better. The monster being struck, showed his face, having his two hands closed, as if he had expressed some anger. Afterward he went round the ship; when he was at the stern, he took hold of the helm with both hands, and we were obliged to make it fast lest he should damage it. From thence he proceeded to the starboard, swimming still as men do. When he came to the fore part of the ship, he viewed for some time the figure that was in our prow, which represented a beautiful woman, and then he rose out of the water as if he had been willing to catch that figure. All this happened in the sight of the whole crew. Afterward he came again to the larboard, where they presented to him a cod-fish hanging down with a rope; he handled it without spoiling it, and then removed the length of a cable and came again to the stern, where he took hold of the helm a second time. At that very moment, Captain Morin got a harping-iron ready, and took it himself to strike him with it; but, the cordage being entangled, he missed his aim, and the harping-iron touched only the monster, who turned about, showing his face, as he had done before. Afterward he came again to the fore part, and viewed again the figure in our prow. The mate called for the harping-iron; but he was frightened, fancying that this monster was one La Commune, who had killed himself in the ship the year before, and had been thrown into the sea in the same passage. He was contented to push his back with the harping-iron, and then the monster showed his face, as he had done at other times. Afterward he came along the board, so that one might have given him the hand. He had the boldness to take a rope held up by John Mazier and John Defflete, who, being willing to pluck it out of his hands, drew him to our board; but he fell into the water, and then removed at the distance of a gun's shot. He came again immediately near our board, and, rising out of the water to the navel, we observed that his breast was as large as that of a woman of the best plight. He turned upon his back, and appeared to be a male. Afterward he swam again round the ship, and then went away, and we have never seen him since. I believe that from ten o'clock till twelve this monster was along our board; if the crew had not been frightened, he might have been taken many times with the hand, being only two feet distant. That monster is about eight feet long, his skin is brown and tawny, without any scales; all his motions are like those of men, the eyes of a proportionable size, a little mouth, a large and flat nose, very white teeth, black hair, the chin covered with a mossy beard, a sort of whiskers under the nose, the ears like those of men, fins between the fingers of his hands and feet like those of ducks. In a word, he is a well-shaped man. Which is certified to be true by Captain Oliver Morin and John Martin, pilot, and by the whole crew, consisting of two-and-thirty men." This monster was mentioned in the *Gazette* of Amsterdam, October 12, 1725, where, it is said, it was seen in the ocean in August of that year.

Physical Knowledge two hundred Years ago.

About the year 1685, the Royal Society of London, then only in its infancy, drew up a list of "Directions for Seamen, bound for far Voy-

ages." As showing the state of physical knowledge two hundred years ago, the subjects which at that time engrossed the minds of scientific inquirers, and the methods of research employed, the list is interesting. The catalogue of directions contained such as the following: 1. To observe the declination of the compass, or its variation from the meridian of the place; frequently marking withal the latitude and longitude of the place, wherever such observation is made, as exactly as may be, and setting down the method by which they made them. 2. To carry dipping-needles with them, and observe the inclination of the needle in like manner. 3. To mark carefully the ebbings and flowings of the sea, in as many places as they can, together with all the accidents, ordinary and extraordinary, of the tides: as, their precise time of ebbing and flowing in rivers, at promontories, or capes; which way their currents run; what perpendicular distance there is between the highest tide and lowest ebb during the spring-tides and neap-tides; what days of the moon's age; and what times of the year the highest and lowest tides fall out. 4. To make plots and draughts of prospect of coasts, promontories, islands, and ports, marking the bearings and distances, as near as they can. 5. To sound and mark the depths of coasts and ports, and such other places near the shore, as they shall think fit. 6. To take notice of the nature of the ground at the bottom of the sea, in all soundings, whether it be clay, sand, rock, etc. 7. To keep a register of all changes of wind and weather at all hours, showing the point the wind blows from, and whether strong or weak; the rains, hail, snow, and the like; the precise times of their beginnings and continuance, especially hurricanes and spouts; but, above all, to take exact care to observe the trade-winds, about what degrees of latitude and longitude they first begin, where and when they cease, or change, or grow stronger or weaker, and how much, as near and exact as may be. 8. To observe and record all extraordinary meteors, lightnings, thunders, *ignes fatui*, comets, etc., marking the places and time of their appearing, continuance, etc. 9. To carry with them good scales, and glass vials of a pint or so, with very narrow mouths, which are to be filled with seawater in different degrees of latitude, and the weight of the vial full of water taken exactly at every time and recorded, marking withal the degree of latitude and the day of the month. In these directions, there is one thing specially worth noting, but which is apt to be overlooked—the persistent injunction to make a written memorandum of each phenomenon at the time of its occurrence. Simple and self-evidently necessary as this seems in the present day, there were few lessons more difficult to be learned in the infancy of science and in an uncritical generation.

Medicines in Old Times.

As specimens of medicines prescribed two hundred years ago, we quote from a book, published in London in 1672, called "A Rational way of Preparing animals, vegetables, and minerals for a Physical use," the following recipes: "Take what animal soever thy fancy liketh; kill it, but separate nothing of its impurities, as feathers, hoofs, hair, etc. Bury all in a mortar. Put it into a vessel for putrefaction, and put into it of the blood of animals of the same species so much as may cure it. Shut close the vessel, and set it to putrify for forty days," etc. Another says: "Take of the flesh of a sound young man, dying of a violent death about the middle of August . . . this produceth wonderful effects in preserving and restoring health." A third tells us that "The Quintessence of a Man's Blood" is made of about five pounds taken when mercury is above the horizon in spring." A fourth is a medicinal compound of the "bones of a man buried not fully a year," which is asserted to be "a noble remedy against all arthritic pains."

The Museum.

THE modern aquarium affords the spectator many wonderful surprises. Coiled up against the transparent crystal walls of the basin, he observes living creatures of the most brilliant shades of color, and more resembling flowers than animals. Supported by a solid base and cylindrical stem, he sees them terminate like the corolla of a flower, as in the petals of the anemone: these are the animals we call *sea-anemones*—curious zoophytes, which, as all persons familiar with the sea-shore may have observed, are now seen suspended from the rocks, and presently buried at the bottom of the sea, or floating on its surface. These charming and timid creatures are also called *actinia*, as indicating their disposition to form rays or stars, from the Greek *aktis*, a ray.

The body of these animals is cylindrical in form, terminating beneath in a muscular disk, which is generally large and distinct, enabling them to cling vigorously to foreign bodies. It terminates above in an upper disk, bearing many rows of tentacles, which differ from each other only in their size. These tentacles are sometimes decorated with brilliant colors, forming a species of collar, consisting of contractile and often retractile tubes, pierced at their points with an orifice, whence issue jets of water, which is ejected at the will of the animal.

Arranged in multiples of circles, they distribute themselves with perfect regularity round the mouth. These are the arms of this species of zoophyte.

The mouth of the actinia opens among the tentacles. Oval in form, it communicates by means of a tube with a stomach, broad and short, which descends vertically, and abuts by a large opening on the visceral cavity, the interior of which is divided into little cells or chambers.

"The stomach of the sea-anemones fulfils a multitude of functions. At first, it is the digestive organ; it is also the seat of respiration; and is unceasingly moistened by the water, which it passes through, imbibes, and ejects. The visceral cavity absorbs the atmospheric air contained in the water; for the stomach is also a lung, and through the same organ it ejects its young! In short, the reproductive organs, the eggs, and the larvæ, are all connected with the tentacles or arms. In the month of September the eggs are fecundated, and the larvæ or embryos developed. The larvæ generally pass from the tentacula into the stomach, and are afterward ejected from the mouth along with the rejecta of their food—a most singular formation, in which the stomach breathes, and the mouth serves the purposes of accouchement—facts which it would be difficult to believe on other than the most positive evidence."

The sea-anemones multiply their species in another manner. On the edge of their base certain bud-like excrescences may often be observed. These buds are by-and-by transformed into embryos, which detach themselves from the mother, and soon become individuals in all respects resembling her. This mode of reproduction greatly resembles some of the vegetative processes. Another and very singular mode of reproduction has been noted by Mr. Hogg in the case of *Actinia vellei*. Wishing to detach this anemone from the aquarium, this gentleman used every effort to effect his purpose, but only succeeded, after violent exertions, in tearing the lower part of the animal. Six portions remained attached to the glass walls of the aquarium. At the end of eight days, attempts were again made to detach these fragments; but it was observed, with much surprise, that they shrank from the touch and contracted themselves. Each of them soon became crowned with a little row of tentacula, and finally each fragment became a new anemone. Every part of these strange creatures thus becomes a separate being when detached, while the mutilated mother continues to live as if nothing had happened. In short, it has long been known that the sea-anemones may be cut limb from limb, mutilated, divided, and subdivided. One part of the body cut off is quickly replaced. Cut off the tentacles of an actinia, and they are replaced in a short time, and the experiment may be repeated indefinitely.

The actinia vary in their *habitat* from pools near low-water mark to eighteen or twenty fathoms' water, whence they have been dredged up. "They adhere," says Dr. Johnston, "to rocks, shells, and other extraneous bodies by means of a glutinous secretion from their enlarged base, but they can leave their hold and remove to another station whenever it pleases them, either by gliding along with a slow and almost imperceptible movement (half an inch in five minutes), as is their usual method, or by reversing the body and using the tentacula for the purpose of feet, as Réaumur asserts, and as I have once witnessed; or, lastly, inflating the body with water, so as to render it more buoyant, they detach themselves, and are driven to a distance by the random motion of the waves. They feed on shrimps, small crabs, welks, and similar shelled mollusca, and probably on all animals brought within their reach whose strength or agility is insufficient to extricate them from the grasp of their numerous tentacula."

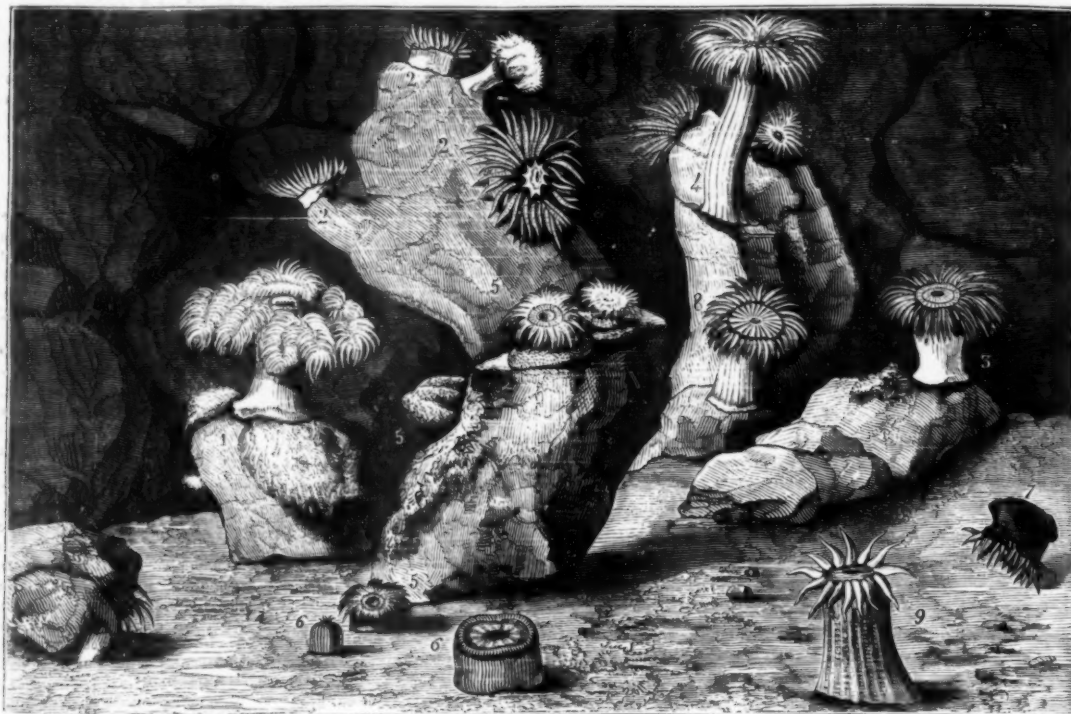
The sea-anemones pass nearly all their life fixed to some rock, to which they seem to have taken root. There they live a sort of unconscious and obtuse existence, gifted with an instinct so obscure that they are not even conscious of the prey in their vicinity until it is actually in contact, when it seizes it in its mouth and swallows it. Nevertheless, though habitually adherent, they can move, gliding and creeping slowly by successive contractile and relaxing movements of the body, extending one edge of their base and relaxing the opposite one. At the approach of cold weather they descend into the deepest water, where they find a more agreeable temperature.

We have said that the sea-anemones are scarcely possessed of vital instinct; but they are capable of certain voluntary movements. Under the influence of light, they expand their tentacles as the daisy displays its florets. If the animal is touched, or the water is agitated in its neighborhood, the tentacles close immediately. These tentacles appear occasionally to serve the purpose of offensive arms. The hand of the man who has touched them becomes red and inflamed. M. Hollard has seen small mackerel, two or three inches long, perish when touched by the tentacles of the green actinia.

The actinia are at once glutinous and voracious. They seize their food with the help of the tentacula, and engulf in their stomach, substances of a volume and consistence which contrast strangely with their dimensions and softness. In less than an hour, M. Hollard observed

that one of these creatures voided the shell of a muscle and disposed of a crab all to its hardest parts; nor was it slow to reject these hard parts, by turning its stomach inside out, as one might turn out one's pocket, in order to empty it of its contents. If the actinias are voracious, they

can also support a prolonged period of fasting. They have been known to live two and even three years without having received any nourishment. Our illustration affords specimens of several varieties of these creatures.



1. Actinia dianthus. 2. Cerereus gemmaceus. 3. Actinia bicolor. 4. Sagartia viduata. 5. Cerereus papillosus. 6. Actinia picta. 7. Actinia equina.
8. Sagartia rosea. 9. Sagartia coccinea.

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